

From Good Words.

LESSONS FROM A SHOEMAKER'S STOOL.

In the course of my wanderings I had the good luck not long ago to fall in with a very remarkable and interesting old man, James Beattie, of Gordonstone, a village of about a dozen of houses in the parish of Auchterless, in the north-east corner of Aberdeenshire. He is a shoemaker, but has conjoined with his trade the teaching of all the children in his neighborhood. It is remarkable how largely the shoemaking profession bulks in the public eye in this respect. John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler, was the founder of Ragged Schools in England; and George Murray of Peterhead, also a shoemaker, formed the nucleus from which the Union Industrial Schools of that town have sprung. Many others might be mentioned. Probably scientific investigation may hereafter explain this affinity between leather and philanthropy.

Mr. Beattie is now eighty-two years of age. For sixty of these he has been carrying on his labour of love and he means to do so as long as he can point an awl or a moral, adorn a tale or a piece of calfskin. He has sought no reward but that of a good conscience. None are better worthy of a recognition in GOOD WORDS than the systematic unobtrusive doer of good deeds, and probably few will grudge James Beattie the honour.

While in this neighborhood, a friend of mine gave me such an account of him as made me resolve to see him if possible. By making a start an hour earlier than was necessary for my regular duty, I had no difficulty in making out my visit to him. His workshop being pointed out to me, — a humble one-storied house with a thatch roof, and situated in quite a rural district, — I went up to the door and knocked.

I hope the three hundred and odd school-managers, with whom I am acquainted in the north of Scotland, will excuse me for saying here, that this ceremony — the knocking — ought always to be gone through on entering a school. It is not perhaps too much to say that, so far as I have observed, it is almost invariably neglected. The door is opened, and an unceremonious entrance

is made, by which not only is the teacher made to feel — I know he feels it — that he is not the most important person there, which is not good; *but the pupils are made to see it*, which is very bad. I am aware that this is sometimes due to the fact that the teacher and managers are on the most familiar terms. It is not always so; and even when it is, I venture to think that the courtesy of a knock should be observed. I have never once, when I was alone, or when it depended on me, entered a school without knocking. This, however, by the way.

I had got the length of knocking at James Beattie's door, which was almost immediately opened by a stout built man under the middle size, with a thoroughly Scotch face, square, well-marked features, eyes small and deeply sunk, but full of intelligence and kindness. The eyes, without having anything about them peculiarly striking, had a great deal of that quiet power for which I cannot find a better epithet than sympathetic. They are eyes that beget trust and confidence, that tempt you somehow to talk, that assure you that their owner will say nothing silly or for show; in short, good, sensible, kindly eyes. His age and leathern apron left me in no doubt as to who he was. I said, however, "You are Mr. Beattie, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied; "my name's John Beattie. Wull ye no come in oot o' the snaw? It's a stormy day."

"Perhaps," I said, "when you know who I am, you won't let me in."

"Weel, at present, I dinna ken ony reason for keepin' ye oot."

I then told him who I was; that I was on my way to Auchterless Female School, (about two miles off,) that his friend Mr. C — had been speaking to me about him, and that, as I was almost passing his door, I could not resist calling upon him, and having a friendly chat with one who had been so long connected with education. I added that I did not wish to see his school unless he liked, and that if he had any objections he was to say so.

"Objections!" he replied. "I never hae ony objections to see onybody that has to do wi' education. It has aye been a hobby o' mine, and I daursay a body may hae a

waur hobby. You that's seein' sae mony schules will be able to tell me something I dinna ken. Come in, sir."

In his manner there was no fussiness, but a most pleasing solidity, heartiness, and self-possession. He did not feel that he was being made a lion of, and he evidently did not care whether he was or no. I went in, and, as a preliminary to good fellowship, asked him for a pinch of snuff, in which I saw he indulged. The house, which does double duty as a shoemaker's stall and school-room, is not of a very promising aspect. The furniture consists of a number of rude forms and a desk along the wall. So much for the school-room. In the other end are four shoemakers' stools occupied by their owners, lasts, straps, lap-stones, hammers, old shoes, and the other accompaniments of a shoemaker's shop. Two or three farm servants, whose work had been stopped by the snow-storm, had come in, either to pass an idle hour in talk or in the way of business.

There were only ten pupils present, a number being prevented by the snow and long roads. When I went in, some of them were conning over their lessons in a voice midway between speech and silence, and one or two were talking, having taken advantage of the "maister's" going to the door to speak to me, and the noise called forth from Mr. Beattie the order, "Tak' your bookies, and sit peaceable and dacent, though there's few o' ye this snawy day. Think it a', dinna speak oot; your neebours hear ye, and dinna mind their ain lessons."

This is, I think, very good: "Although there's few o' ye this snawy day," your responsibility is individual, not collective. Many or few, the object for which you are here is the same—viz., to learn your lessons and behave properly. The snow-storm has kept many away, but it furnishes no excuse for noise or idleness. The old man's "though there's few o' ye" thus involved a great principle that lies at the root of all true teaching.

The order was obeyed to the letter. James pointed out a seat for me on one of the forms, took up his position on his stool, and he and I began to talk. I am tempted to give it, to the best of my recollection, in his simple Doric, which would lose much by translation.

"You will not be very well pleased," I remarked, by way of drawing him out, "about this fine new school which has just been opened at Badenscoth. It will take away a great many of your scholars."

"Oh man!" he replied, "ye dinna ken me or ye wudna say that. I hae just said a

hunder times, when I heard o' the new schule, that I was thankfu' to Providence. Afore there was ony talk o' the new schule, I hae stood mony a time wi' my back to the fire lookin' at the bairnies when they were learnin' their lessons, and whiles takin' a bit glint up at my face—for I think some o' them like me—and I've said 'Oh, wha'll mind thae puir creatures when I'm awa'?' Ye ken," he continued, "I canna expect muckle langer time here noo. Ay, even if I weren't an auld dune man, as I am, I wud hae been thankfu' for the new schule. I hae maybe dune as weel's I could, but a' my teachin', though it's better than naething, is no to be compared wi' what they'll get at a richt schule."

"It is quite true," I said, "that you labour under great disadvantages, having both to teach and attend to your work at the same time."

"Weel, it's no sae muckle that, as my ain want o' education."

"You have had a long education," I replied.

"That's just what a freen o' mine said to me ance, and I mind I said to him, 'That's the truest word ever ye spak. I've been learnin' a' my days, and I'm as fond to learn as ever.'"

"But how do you manage to teach and work at the same time?"

"Ye see," he replied, "when I'm teachin' the A B C, I canna work, for I maun point to the letters; but when they get the length o' readin', I ken fine by the sense, without the book, if they're readin' richt, and they canna mak' a mistak but I ken't."

Well said by James Beattie! He has discovered by common sense and experience the only true test of good reading, "by the sense, without the book."

"In spite of your own want of education, however," I said, "I understand that you have old pupils in almost every quarter of the globe, who are doing well, and have made their way in the world through what you were able to give them. I have heard, too, that some of them are clergymen."

"Ay, that's true enough," he replied; "and some o' them hae come back after being years awa', and sat doon among the auld shoos there whar they used to sit. And I've got letters frae some o' them after ganging a far way that were just sae fu' o' kindness and gude feelin', and brocht back the auld times sae keenly, that I micht maybe glance ower them, but I could na read them oot. Aw sir! a teacher and an auld scholar, if they're baith richt at the heart, are buckled close thegither, though the sea's

atween them. At ony rate that's my experience.

"See, sir," he continued, holding out a point of deer's horn, "there's a' I hae o' a remembrance o' ane that's in Canada, a prosperous man noo, wi' a great farm o' his ain. While he was at the schule here, he saw me makin' holes wider wi' a bit pointed stick, and he thoct this bit horn wud do't better — and he wasna far wrang — and he gied it to me. Weel, he cam back years and years after, and I didna ken him at first. He had grown up frae being a bairn no muckle bigger than my knee to be a buirdly chield. I sune made oot who he was, and as I was workin' and talkin' to him, I had occasion to use this bit horn. 'Gude hae me,' says he, 'hae ye that yet?' 'Ay,' said I, 'and I'll keep it as lang as I hae a hole to bore.'"

Returning to the subject of teaching, I said, "How do you manage after they have got the alphabet, and what books do you use?"

"Weel, I begin them wi' wee penny bookies, but it's no lang till they can mak' something o' the Testament, and when they can do that, I choose easy bits oot o' baith the Auld and New Testaments, that teach us our duty to God and man. I dinna say that it's maybe the best lesson-book, but it's a book they a' hae, and ane they should a' read, whether they hae ither books or no. They hae 'collections' too, and I get them pamphlets and story-books, and when I see them gettin' tired o' their lessons, and beginnin' to tak' a look aboot the house, I bid them put by their 'collection', and tak' their pamphlets and story-books. Ye ken, bairns maun like their books."

Well said again! "Bairns maun like their books," — a necessity far from universally recognized either by teachers or the makers of school-books. Many a healthy plant has been killed by being transplanted into an ungenial soil and kept there, and many a promising school career has been marred or cut short by books that "bairns couldna like."

"You teach writin', arithmetic, and geography, too, I suppose, Mr. Beattie?"

"I try to teach writin' and geography, but ye'll believe that my writin's naething to brag o', when I tell ye that I learnt it a' mysel'; ay, and when I began to mak' figures, I had to tak doon the Testament, and look at the tenth verse, to see whether the 0 or the 1 cam' first in 10. I can learn them to write a letter that can be read, and, ye ken, country folk's no very particular aboot its being like copperplate. Spellin's the main thing. It doesna mak' (matter) if a

bairn can write like a clerk if he canna spell. I can learn them geography far enough to understan' what they read in the newspapers, and if they need mair o't than I can gie them, and hae a mind for't, they can learn it for themselves. I dinna teach countin'. Ony man in my humble way can do a' that on his tongue. At ony rate I've aye been able. Besides, I couldna teach them countin'. Ye see I maun leeve by my wark, and I'm thankfu' to say I've aye been able to do that, but I couldna do't if I was to teach them countin'. It wud mak' sic an awfu' break in my time. When my ain grandchildren hae got a' I can gie them, I just send them to ither schules."

"What catechism do you teach?" I asked.

"Ony ane they like to bring," he replied. "I'm an Episcopalian mysel', but I hae leaved lang enough to ken, and indeed I wasna very auld afore I thoct I saw that a body's religious profession was likely to be the same as his father's afore him; and so I just gie everybody the same liberty I tak' to mysel. I hae established Kirk and Free Kirk, and Episcopal bairns, and they're a' alike to me. D'ye no think I'm richt?"

"Quite right, I have no doubt. The three bodies you mention have far more points of agreement than of difference, and there is enough of common ground to enable you to do your duty by them, without offending the mind of the most sensitive parent. I wish your opinions were more common than they are."

During the conversation the old man worked while he talked. He had evidently acquired the habit of doing two things at once.

"I should like very much," I said, "to see some of your teaching. Will you let me hear how your pupils get on?"

"I'll do that wi' pleasure, sir," he replied; "but ye maun excuse oor auld-fashioned tongue."

He took off his spectacles and laid aside his work, I presume out of deference to a stranger, and was about to call up some of his scholars, when I requested him not to mind me, and I said that I should prefer to see him go on in his ordinary way.

"Weel, weel, sir, ony way ye like, but I thoct it was barely decent to gang on cobblin' awa' when ye were examinin' the bairns."

He accordingly resumed his spectacles and his work, adjusted his woollen nightcap or cowl, striped with red, white, and black — an article of common wear by day among

people of his age and occupation—and looking round, said, “Come here, Bell, and read to this gentleman.”

This remark was addressed to a little girl about eight years of age. Bell came up when called.

“She has a dreadful memory, sir! I weel believe it wud tak’ her an hour an a half to say a’ she has by heart.”

Bell read fluently and intelligently, spelt correctly, and afterwards repeated a whole chapter of Job with scarcely a stumble, so as to convince me that she really had a “dreadful memory.” Her answers to several questions proposed by myself were wonderfully mature. I have seldom seen a child whose solidity of intellect and thoughtfulness struck me more than that of Bell McKenzie.

“Come here noo, Jamie,” he said, addressing a very little boy, “and if ye read weel, or at any rate as *weel’s ye can do*, to this gentleman, ye’ll get a sweetie; but if ye dinna, ye’ll get naething.”

“What a world of kindness and consideration there is in these five little words, “as weel’s ye can do,” even as they appear on paper! It was a *strict* but not a *hard* bargain. I dare say the modification, “as weel’s ye can do,” was suggested by Jamie’s very tender age: he was just three. Less than “weel” would earn the sweetie, but it must be as *weel’s he can do*. The test was, as it should always be in such cases, a relative one. In order, however, to apprehend the full effect of the modifying words, it is necessary to hear the tone of the old man’s voice, to see the gentle pat on Jamie’s back with which they were accompanied, and the childlike confidence with which the little urchin of three years came up to the old man of nearly eighty-three, and, resting his arm on the apron-covered knee, began to spell out his lesson, having first assured himself by an inquiring look into the “maister’s” face, that the stranger meant him no harm. The awl was used as a pointer, and Jamie did at first pretty well—for his age, I thought, wonderfully well, but to the old shoemaker’s mind, “nae sae weel as he could do,” and he had to give place to another boy. He did so, but the tears came into his little eyes, and remained there till he was taken on a second trial and reinstated in favour. He earned and got his sweetie; that was a good thing. He had pleased the “maister” and was no longer in disgrace; that was evidently a far better thing.

The Bible class was then called up.

“That creature there, Jean,” he said, putting his hand on a little girl’s head, and

looking kindly in her face, “is a gude scholar, though she’s sma’.”

Jean, re-assured by the remark and prepared for the ordeal, gave a smile and commenced reading the 26th chapter of Numbers. It was difficult, and even Jean halted now and then as a proper name of more than ordinary difficulty came in her way.

“I doot it’s a hard bit that, Jean,” he said; “is’t a name?”

“Na, nae’t a’,” she replied, with an emphasis on the *a’*, which left it to be inferred that a good part of it was names.

“Well, do the best ye can. Spell them oot, when ye canna read them. Come here, Jessie,” he said, addressing the biggest girl present, probably eleven years of age, “and see if they spell them richt.” Turning to me, he said, “I’m no sae fond o’ chapters fu’ o’ names, as o’ them that teach us our duty to God and ane anither, but it does them nae harm to be brocht face to face wi’ a difficulty noo and then. It wad tak’ the speerit oot o’ the best horse that ever was foaled to mak’ it draw aye up-hill. But a chapter like that makes them try themselves in puttin’ letters thegither, and naming big words. I daursay ye’ll agree wi’ me that to battle wi’ a difficulty and beat it is a gude thing for us a’, if it doesna come ower often.”

“I quite agree with you,” I replied.

“Weel, when it’s a namey chapter like that, I get my assistant” (with a humorous twinkle of his eye) — “that bit lassie’s my assistant—to look ower’t and see if they spell’t richt. I couldna be sure o’ the spellin’ o’ the names without the book.”

After the Bible lesson, and as a supplement to it, Jessie, the assistant, was ordered to ask the Shorter Catechism. She ranged pretty nearly over it all, and received on the whole surprisingly correct answers. Meantime the old man went steadily on with his shoe, all eye for his work, all ear for blunders. Once he heard one girl whispering assistance to another, which he promptly and almost severely checked by “Dinna tell her; there’s nae waur plan than that. If she needs help, I’ll tell her mysel’ or bid you tell her.”

A boy who stumbled indifferently through an answer was punished with “Ay, ye’re no very clear upon that, lad. Try’t again. I doot ye haena stressed your e’en wi’ that ane last night.” He tried it again, but with not much better success. “Oh, tak’ care! ye’re no thinkin’, if ye dinna think o’ the meanin’, hoo can ye be richt? Ye nicht as weel learn Gaelic.”

After several other correct answers, I had a very good example of the



quickness of perception which long experience gives. A little girl having broken down, opened the catechism which she held in her hand, and craftily began reading instead of repeating the answer. The shoemaker's ear at once caught it up. He detected from the accuracy of the answer, and at the same time from the hesitating tone in which it was given, the effort of reading, and said, in a voice of considerable severity, "What! are ye keekin'? Hae ye your catechiss in your han'? Hoo often hae I telt ye o' the dishonesty o' that? Ye're cheatin', or at any rate ye're tryin' to cheat me. Do I deserve that frae ye? Did I ever cheat you? But ye're doing far waur than cheatin' me. Oh, whatever ye do, be honest. Come to the schule wi' your lessons weel by heart if ye can, but if you've been lazy, dinna mak' your faut waur by being dishonest."

It will be seen from this sketch of his teaching that Mr. Beattie is a man of no ordinary type. I have succeeded very imperfectly in conveying an adequate notion of his kindliness and sympathy with everything good. I was surprised to find in a man moving in a very narrow circle such advanced and well-matured theories of education. His idea of the extent to which difficulties should be presented in the work of instruction,—his plan of selecting passages instead of taking whatever comes to hand,—his objection to whispering assistance, "Dinna tell her; if she needs help, I'll tell her mysel', or bid you tell her,"—his severe but dignified reproof of dishonesty, "Ye're cheatin' me, but ye're doing far waur than that. Oh, whatever ye do, be honest," &c.,—his encouragement to thoughtfulness and intelligence, "If ye dinna think o' the meanin', hoo can ye be richt?" seemed to me most admirable, well worthy the attention of all who are engaged in similar pursuits, and certainly very remarkable as being the views of a man who has mixed little with the world, and gained almost nothing from the theories of others.

It was evident from the behaviour of the children that they all fear, respect, and love him.

I sat and talked with him on various subjects for a short time longer, and then rose to bid him good-bye.

"But, sir," he remarked, "this is a cauld day, and, if ye're no a teetotaller, ye'll maybe no object to gang up to my house wi' me and 'taste something.'"

I replied that I was not a teetotaller, and should be very glad to go with him. We

went accordingly, and "tasted something," and had a long talk.

He has, for a country shoemaker, a remarkably good library. The books generally are solid, some of them rare, and he seems to have made a good use of them. His opinion of novels is perhaps worth quoting:—

"I never read a novel a' my days. I've heard bits o' Scott that I likit very weel, but I never read any o' them mysel'. The bits I heard telt me some things that were worth kennin', and were amusin', into the bargain; but I understand that's no the case wi' the maist o' novels. When a body begins to read them, he canna stop, and when he has dune, he kens nae mair than when he began. Noo it takes a' my time to read what's really worth kennin'."

I asked him what had first made him think of teaching.

"Mony a time," he replied, "hae I asked that at mysel'; and it's nae wonner, for I never was at the schule but eleven weeks in my life, and that was when I was a loon (laddie) about eleven years auld. I had far mair need to learn than to teach, though I'm no sure but to teach a thing is the best way to learn't. Amaist a' that I ken, and it's no muckle to be sure, but I got it by learnin' ithers. But ye've asked what made me begin teachin'. Weel, sir, it was this: when I was a young lad, there were seven grown-up folk roun' aboot here that couldna read a word. Some o' them were married and had families, and there was nae schule nearer than twa mile, and in the winter especially the young things couldna gang sae far. Ane o' the faththers said to me ae day: 'Ye ken, Jamie, I canna read mysel', but, oh man, I ken the want o't, and I canna thole that Willie shouldna learn. Jamie, ye maun tak' and teach him.' 'Oh man,' I said, 'hoo can I teach him? I ken naething mysel'.' 'Ye maun try,' he said. Weel, I took him, and after him anither and anither cam, and it wasna lang till I had aboot twenty. In a year or twa I had between sixty and seventy, and sae I hae keepit on for near sixty years. I soon grew used wi't, and custom, ye ken, is a kind o' second nature."

"But how did you find room," I asked, "for sixty in that little place?"

"Weel, sir, there was room for mair than ye wud think. Wherever there was a place that a creatur could sit, I got a stoolie made, and every corner was filled. Some were at my back, some were in the corner o' the window, and some were sittin' among

the auld shoon at my feet. But for a' that there wasna room for sixty, and so a woman that lived across the road had a spare corner in her house, and when the bairns got their lessons, they gaed ower and sat wi' her, and made room for the ithers. Ye see, the faithers and mithers were aye in gude neebourhood wi' me. They were pleased and I was pleased, and when folk work into ane anither's han's they put up wi' things that they wudna thole at ither times."

"You must have had great difficulty," I remarked, "in keeping so many of them in order. What kind of punishment did you use?"

"Oh, sir, just the strap. That's it," he said, pointing to one lying among the old shoes.

"And did you need to use it often?"

"Ou ay, mony a time, when they were obstinate. But I maun say, it was when the schule was sae close packit that I had to us't maist. When they were sittin' just as close as I could pack them, some tricky nacksits o' things wud put their feet below the seats, and kick them that were sittin' afore them. Order, ye ken, maun be keepit up, and I couldna pass by sic behaviour. I've seldom needit to chasteeze them for their lessons," he continued; "the maist o' them are keen to learn, and gie me little trouble."

"Have you any idea," I asked, "of the number of pupils you have passed through your hands during these sixty years?"

"Weel, I keptit nae catalogue o' names, but some o' them that tak' an interest in the bairns made out that they canna be less than fourteen or fifteen hunder. I weel believe they're richt."

"And you have never charged any fees, I understand."

"Fees! Hoo could I charge fees? I never sought, and I never wanted a sixpence. But I maun say this, that the neebours hae been very kind, for they offered to work my bit croft for me, and it wudna hae been dacent to refuse their kindness. And they gied me a beautiful silver snuff-box in 1835. That's it," he said, taking it out of his pocket; "wull ye no tak' anither pinch?"

I did, and then said that I was glad to learn from his friend Mr. C. that, a year or so ago, he had been presented with his portrait and a handsome purse of money.

"Deed it's quite true, and I was fairly affronted when they gied me my portrait and 86l., and laudit me in a' the papers. Some o't came frae Canada and ither foreign

pairts, but I ken't naething about the siller till they gied it to me, for they cam ower me, and got me to tell them, without thinking o't, where some o' my auld scholars were leevin'. I said to mysel' when I got it, that I was thankfu' for't, for I wud be able noo to buy the puir things books wi't."

"You supply them with books then?" I inquired.

"Weel, them that's no able to buy them," he said, with a peculiar smile.

I have not succeeded in analyzing this smile to my own satisfaction, but, among other things, it expressed commiseration for the poverty of those who were not able to buy books, and a deprecating reproof of himself for having been unwittingly betrayed into an apparent vaunting of his own good deeds.

"You must have great pleasure," I said, "in looking back to the last sixty years, and counting up how many of your old scholars have done you credit."

"Oh! I hae that," he replied. "I've dune what I could, and there's nae better work than learnin' young things to read and ken their duty to God and man. If it was to begin again, I dinna think I could do mair, or at ony rate mair earnestly, for education than I hae dune, but I could maybe do't better noo. But it's a dreadful heart-break when ony o' them turns oot ill, after a' my puir wark to instil gude into them."

I led him by degrees to take a retrospect of the last half century. He told me, in his simple unaffected Doric, the history of some of his pupils, keeping himself in the background, except where his coming forward was necessary either to complete the story, or put in a stronger light the good qualities of some of his old scholars. He paused now and then, sometimes with his hands on his knees and his head slightly lowered, sometimes with his head a little to one side, and his eye looking back into the far-off years, and I saw by his quiet reflective look that he was scanning the fruits of his labours, his expression varying from gaiety to gloom, as the career of a successful or "neer-do-weel" pupil passed in review before him.

I complimented him on his haleness for his years.

"Yes," he replied, "I should be thankfu', and I try to be't, but, I'm feared, no sae thankfu' as I should be. Except hearing and memory, I hae my faculties as weel's when I was ten year auld. Eh! what a mercy! hoo many are laid helpless on their back long afore they're my age, and hoo few are aboon the ground that are sae auld!"

Here the old man's voice faltered, and tears of genuine gratitude filled his eyes.

"Of a' them that began life wi' me, I just ken ane that's no ta'en awa'. There were twelve brithers and sisters o' us, and I'm the only ane that's left. My faither dee'd when I was sixteen. My alder brithers were a' oot at service, and as I was the only ane that was brocht up to my faither's trade, my mither and the younger anes had to depend maistly on me, and I thoct I was a broken reed to depend on, for I hadna mair than half learned my trade when my faither dee'd. I mind the first pair o' shoos I made; when I hung them up on the pin, I said to mysel', 'Weel, the leather was worth mair afore I put a steek (stitch) in't.' Ye ken they werena sae particular then as they are noo. If the shoe didna hurt the foot, and could be worn at a', they werena very nice about the set o't. Mony a time I thoct I wud hae lost heart, but regard forimy mither keepit me frae despairin'. Whiles I was for ownin' beat, and askin' the rest to help us, but my mither said, 'Na, Jamie, my man, we'll just work awa' as weel's we can and no let the rest ken.' Weel, I wrought hard at my trade, and when I should hae been sleepin' I wrought at my books, and I made progress in baith. Ah, sir," said the old man with a pathos I cannot reproduce, "naeboddy that hasna had to fecht for the best o' mither's can understan' my feelings when I saw at last that I was able to keep her and mysel' in meat and claes respectably. I've had mony a pleasure in my lang life, but this was worth them a' put thegither. Ay," he said, and his voice became deeper and richer, "it's grand to win a battle when ye've been fechtin' for the through-bearin' and comfort o' an auld widow-mither that ye like wi' a' your heart. For oh, I likit my mither, and she deserved a' my likin'."

Here he broke down, his eyes filled, and, as if surprised at his own emotion, he brushed away the tears almost indignantly with his sleeve, saying, "I'm an auld man, and maybe I should think shame o' this, but I canna help being proud o' my mither."

"I think I can understand both your perseverance and your pride," I replied; "you must have had a hard struggle."

"Ay, I cam through the hards, but if I was to be laid aside noo, it wud be nae loss to my family, for they're comfortable, and could keep me weel enough, and I'm sure they wud do't."

"You were well armed for the battle," I replied, "and it was half won before you

began it, for you evidently commenced life with thoroughly good principles and strong filial affection."

"Yes, I've reason to be thankfu' for a gude up-bringin'. Mony a callant is ruined by bad example at home. I canna say that for mysel'. Whatever ill I hae done in my life canna be laid at my faither or mither's door. No, no! they were a decent, honest, God-fearin' couple, and everybody respected them."

"Their example seems not to have been lost upon you, for you too have the respect of every one who knows you."

"Weel, I dinna ken," he replied; "everybody has enemies, and I may hae mine, but I dinna ken them: I really dinna ken them."

"Have you always lived in this village?" I asked.

"Yes; and, what's curious, I've leaved under four kings, four bishops, four ministers, and four proprietors. And for mair than sixty years I've gane to the chapel at least ance a week, and that's a walk o' eight mile there and back. That's some travelling for ye. I never was an hour ill since I was fourteen year auld."

He still looks wonderfully hale, but he says that, for some time past, he has felt the weight of years coming upon him.

"Sometimes," he said, "I grow dizzy. I dinna ken what it is to be the waur o' drink, but I think it maun be something like what I've felt—just sae dizzy that if I was to cross the floor and tramp on a bool (marble) I wud fa'."

Judging, however, from his haleness, one would think him not much above seventy, and even strong for that, and with probably years of good work in him yet. He expresses himself clearly, methodically, and without an atom of pedantry, though in the broadest Scotch. He is, as I have said, an Episcopalian, and says, "When it is a saint's day, and the bairns are telt no to come to the schule, for I maun gang to the chapel, if I have occasion to gang doon to the shop a wee in the morning afore chapel-time to finish some bit job, I catch mysel' lookin' roun' for the bairns, though there are nane o' them there. Na," he continued, "I couldna do without my bairns noo at a'; I canna maybe do them muckle gude, but I can do them nae harm, and as lang as I can try to do them gude I'll no gie't up."

Thus ended my first morning with James Beattie in February, 1864, and I felt as if I had been breathing an atmosphere as

fresh, bracing, and free from taint, as that which plays on mid-ocean, or on the top of Ben Nevis.

I saw him a second time in January last, and, though it was again a snowy day, I found twenty pupils present. The shoe-making and schoolwork go on as before. The awl and the hammer are as busy as ever, and his care of his bairns unabated. I had scarcely sat down before I asked for "Bell," whose "dreadfu' memory" had surprised me the previous year. I saw, from the grieved expression that passed over his countenance, that something was wrong.

"Eh, man, Bell's deed. She dee'd o' scarlatina on the last day o' September, after eighteen hours' illness. There never was a frem'd body's \* death that gie'd me sae muckle trouble as puir Bell's."

Evidently much affected by the loss of his favourite pupil, he went on to say, "She was insensible within an hour after she was taen ill, and continued that way till a short time afore she was taen awa', when she began to say a prayer—it was the longest ane I had learned her—and she said it frae beginning to end without a mistak'. Her mither, puir body, thoct she had gotten the turn and was growing better, but whenever the prayer was dune, she grew insensible again, and dee'd aboot an hour after. Wasna that most extraordinary? It behoved to be the Speerit o' God workin' in that bairn afore he took her to Himself. Ay, it'll be lang afore I forget Bell. I think I likit her amaisa as if she had been my ain. Mony a time I said she was ower clever to leeve lang, but her death was a sair grief to me nane the less o' that. I'll never hae the like o' her again. I've a sister o' hers here. Annie McKenzie," he said, addressing a little girl, "stan' up and let this gentleman see ye." Turning again to me, he said, "She has a wonnerfu' memory too, but no sae gude as Bell's. She's just aboot six year auld. She has a prayer where she prays for her father and mither, and brithers and sister. Puir Bell was the only sister she had, and I said to her ae day that she shouldna say 'sister' ony mair in her prayer; and, wud ye believ't, sir? the tears cam rinnin' doon the creatur's cheeks in a moment. I couldna help keepin' her company. Ye wudna expect that frae ane o' her age. She has a brither too, aboot three year auld, that will come to something. He has a forehead stickin' oot just as if your han' was laid on't."

\* A person not a relation.

Jamie had made good progress during the year, and earned another sweetie easily. He has been promoted to the dignity of pointing for himself, and no longer requires the awl.

Mr. Beattie seems as vigorous as when I saw him a year ago. The only indication of greater feebleness is, that he has taken regularly to the use of a staff. He walks, however, nimbly and well; but he says the dizziness comes over him now and then, and he feels more at ease when he has a staff in his hand.

He asked me if I could not come and see him next day. I said I was sorry I could not. "I am awfu' vexed at that," he said; "this is the last day o' my eighty-first year. The morn's my eighty-second birthday, and I thoct I micht maybe never see anither, and I made up my mind to gie the bairns a treat. They're a' comin', and they get a holiday. I'm awfu' vexed ye canna come."

"I wish very much I could," I replied.

"A' the neebours," he said, "are takin' an interest in't, and the Colonel's lady has sent me a cake to divide among the bairns—that's a sma' thing compared wi' a' her gude deeds, for she's a by-ordnar fine woman. Ye maun come up to my house and get a bit o' the cake."

I objected that it was scarcely fair to break it before to-morrow.

"Oo ay, ye maun taste it. She'll no object to you gettin' a bit o't afore the bairns."

I yielded of course, and spent another pleasant hour with him, during which I had my first impression confirmed as to his single-hearted benevolence and altogether fine character. I shook hands with him, and as I was leaving said that I had some intention of sending a short sketch of his labours to GOOD WORDS. I asked if he had any objection to his name being mentioned.

"Weel, sir," he said, "I'm real gratefu' for your kindness in coming twice to see me, and takin' notice o' me the way ye've done. It's far mair than I deserve. I dinna think the readers o' GOOD WORDS will care muckle aboot the like o' me, and I've never been fond o' makin' a show, but if ye think an article wi' my name in't wud encourage ithers in my humble way to do a' they can for the upbringin' o' puir creaturs that hae nae ither way o' gettin' education, I'll no forbid ye to do just as ye like."

"Well, then, I'll do it. Good bye!"

"Wull ye gie me anither shake o' your han' afore ye go? I may never see ye again."



"Most willingly," I replied.

He took my hand in one of his, and laying his other on my shoulder, said, "I'm no a man o' mony words, but I wud like ye to believe that I'm gratefu', real gratefu' for your kindness, as gratefu' as an auld man that kens weel what kindness is can be, and I wud like ye to promise if ye're here-aboots next year, and me spared till that time, that ye'll no gang by my door. Wull ye promise this?"

I gave the promise, and was rewarded by two or three kindly claps on the back, a hearty squeeze of the hand, and "God bless ye and keep ye."

The moral of James Beattie's life requires no pointing. A life that has been a discipline of goodness, and to which benevolence has become a necessity,—"I canna do without my bairns noo at a', and as lang's I can try to do them gude I'll no gie't up,"—has a simple eloquence that needs no aid and admits of no embellishment from well-balanced phrases.

May the life which has already far exceeded the allotted span be continued for years to come, to a man who has been diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

JOHN KERR.

REUNION.

An end at last! The echoes of the war—

The weary war beyond the western waves—  
Die in the distance. Freedom's rising star  
Beacons above a hundred thousand graves:

The graves of heroes who have won the fight,  
Who in the storming of the stubborn town  
Have rung the marriage peal of might and right,  
And scaled the cliffs and cast the dragon  
down.

Pæans of armies thrill across the sea,  
Till Europe answers—"Let the struggle  
cease;  
The bloody page is turned; the next may be  
For ways of pleasantness and paths of  
peace!"—

A golden morn—a dawn of better things—  
The olive-branch—clasping of hands, again,  
A noble lesson read to conquering kings—  
A sky that tempests had not scoured in vain.

This from America we hoped, and him  
Who ruled her "in the spirit of his creed."  
Does the hope last when all our eyes are dim,  
As History records her darkest deed?

The pilot of his people through the strife,  
With his strong purpose turning scorn to  
praise,  
E'en at the close of battle reft of life,  
And fair inheritance of quiet days.

Defeat and triumph found him calm and just,  
He showed how clemency should temper  
power,  
And, dying, left to future times in trust  
The memory of his brief victorious hour.

O'ermastered by the irony of fate,  
The last and greatest martyr of his cause;

Slain like Achilles at the Scæan gate,  
He saw the end, and fixed "the purer laws."

May these endure, and, as his work, attest  
The glory of his honest heart and hand,—  
The simplest, and the bravest, and the best,—  
The Moses and the Cromwell of his land.

Too late the pioneers of modern spite,  
Awestricken by the universal gloom,  
See his name lustrous in Death's sable night,  
And offer tardy tribute at his tomb.

But we who have been with him all the while,  
Who knew his worth, and loved him long ago,  
Rejoice that in the circuit of our isle  
There is no room at last for Lincoln's foe.

JOHN NICHOL.

*Spectator*, 13th Sept.

THE DAY WILL COME.

When leagues of cloudy darkness lie  
Between us and the distant sky,  
Where first is seen that faintest ray  
Foretelling of the dawning day,

Does not the darkness near us seem  
The darker for that feeble gleam?  
We wait—and, lo! how soon the night  
Is changed to day serenely bright.

"God's mercies never come too late;"  
Then can we not with patience wait,  
Assured, that brighter day He'll bring  
When we the harvest song may sing?

With trusting faith we'll onward press,  
Praying that He our path will bless,  
That He will guide our feet aright,  
And change to day this gloomy night.

G.

## PART IV.—CHAPTER XIII.

It was thus that the reign of Miss Marjoribanks became gradually established and confirmed in Carlingford. It would be unnecessary to enter into detail, or to redouble instances of that singular genius which made itself so fully felt to the farthest limits of society, and which even indeed extended those limits miraculously beyond the magic circle of Grange Lane. Lucilla's powers beguiled not only the Powells and Sir John Richmond's family, who were, as everybody knows, fully entitled to be called country people, and came only on the Thursdays when there was moonlight to light them home, which was not so much to be wondered at, since country society in those parts was unusually heavy at that period; but even, what was more extraordinary, Miss Marjoribanks made a lodgment in the enemy's country on the other side, and made a capture, of all people in the world, of John Brown, who lived in his father's big old house at the town end of George Street, and had always laughed in his cynical way at the pretensions of Grange Lane. But then Lucilla had, as all the ladies admitted, an influence over "the gentlemen," of which, as was natural, they were slightly contemptuous, even if perhaps envious, to some extent, of the gift. For, to be sure, everybody knows that it requires so little to satisfy the gentlemen, if a woman will only give her mind to it. As for Miss Marjoribanks herself, she confessed frankly that she did her best to please them. "For you know, after all, in Carlingford one is obliged to take them into consideration," she said, with a natural apology. "So many of you poor dear people have to go where they like, and see the people they want you to see," Miss Marjoribanks added, fluttering her maiden plumes with a certain disdainful pity in the very eyes of Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn, who were well aware, both of them, at the bottom of their hearts, that but for Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners, their selfish mates would find infinite objections to the Thursday evening, which was now an institution in Carlingford. And Lucilla knew it just as well as they did, which gave a certain sense of condescension and superiority to her frankness. "I never pretend I don't try to please them," Miss Marjoribanks said; and the matrons found themselves worsted as usual; for, to be sure, it was not for *them*, but for the good of the community in general, that Lucilla exerted herself so successfully. Nothing indeed could have proved more completely the disinterested

character of Miss Marjoribanks's proceedings than her behavior in respect to Mr. Cavendish, which filled everybody with admiration. After the bold and decisive action taken by Lucilla on the first occasion when the flirtation between him and Barbara Lake became apparent, the misguided young man returned to a better frame of mind; perhaps out of admiration for her magnanimity, perhaps attracted by her indifference, as is the known and ascertained weakness of the gentlemen. And perhaps also Mr. Cavendish was ashamed of himself, as, in Mrs. Chiley's opinion at least, he had so much reason to be. Anyhow, whatever the cause, he behaved himself with the profoundest decorum for several Thursdays in succession, and treated the contralto with such overwhelming politeness as reduced poor Barbara out of her momentary exultation into the depths of humiliation and despair. Mr. Cavendish was Lucilla's right hand for that short but virtuous period, and fully justified Miss Marjoribanks's opinion, which was founded at once upon reflection and experience, that to have a man who can flirt is next thing to indispensable to a leader of society; that is to say, if he is under efficient discipline, and capable of carrying out a grand conception. Everything went on delightfully so long as this interval lasted, and Lucilla herself did not disdain to recompense her faithful assistant by bestowing upon him various little privileges, such as naturally appertain to a subject whose place is on the steps of the throne. She took him into her confidence, and made him to a certain extent a party to her large and philanthropic projects, and even now and then accepted a suggestion from him with that true candor and modesty which so often accompany administrative genius. While this continued, kind old Mrs. Chiley kept caressing them both in her old-womanly way. She even went so far as to call Mr. Cavendish "my dear," as if he had been a grandson of her own, and took her afternoon drive in her little brougham past his house with a genial sense of prospective property through Lucilla, which was wonderfully pleasant. To be sure there was not very much known in Carlingford about his connections; but then everybody was aware that he was one of the Cavendishes, and the people who are not content with that must be hard indeed to please. As for Mrs. Woodburn, she, it was true, continued to "take off" Miss Marjoribanks; but then, as Mrs. Chiley justly remarked, she was a woman who would take off the Archbishop of Canterbury

or the Virgin Mary, if she had the opportunity; and there was no fear but Lucilla, if once married, would soon bring her to her senses; and then Mr. Chiltern grew more and more feeble, and was scarcely once in a fortnight in his place in Parliament, which was a sacrifice of the interests of the borough dreadful to contemplate. And thus it was in the interests of Lucilla, notwithstanding that ladies are not eligible for election under such circumstances, that Mrs. Chiley carried on a quiet little canvass for the future M. P.

All this lasted, alas! only too short a time. After a while the level eyebrows and flashing eyes and magnificent contralto of Barbara Lake began to re-assert their ancient power. Whatever may be the predisposition of the Cavendishes in general, this particular member of the race was unable to resist these influences. Barbara had managed to persuade Rose to persuade her father that it was necessary for her to have a new dress; and Mr. Lake was more persuadable than usual, being naturally pleased to be complimented, when he went to give his lessons, on his daughter's beautiful voice. "Her talent has taken another development from *ours*," he said, with his little air of dignity, "but still she has the artist temperament. All my children have been brought up to love the beautiful;" and this argument had of course all the more effect upon him when repeated by his favorite daughter. "And then Barbara has such a noble head," said Rose; "when nobody is looking at her she always makes a fine composition. To be sure, when she is observed she gets awkward, and puts herself out of drawing; but that is not to be wondered at. I don't want her to be fine, or to imitate the Grange Lane people; but then, you know, papa, you always say that we have a rank of our own, being a family of artists," said Rose, holding up her little head with a pretty arrogance which delighted the father both in a parental and a professional point of view. "If one could only have made a study of her at that moment," he said to himself, regretfully; and he consented to Barbara's dress. As for the contralto, whose sentiments were very different from those of her father and sister, she watched over the making of the robe thus procured with a certain jealous care which nobody unacquainted with the habits of a family of artists could understand. Barbara's talent was not sufficiently developed to permit of her making the dress herself; but she knew already by sad experience that Rose's views of what was picturesque in costume were

peculiar, and not always successful. And then it was only a new dress to Rose, whereas to Barbara it was a supreme effort of passion and ambition and jealousy and wounded *amour propre*. Mr. Cavendish had paid a great deal of attention to her, and she naturally entertained dreams of the wildest and most magnificent character — of riding in her carriage, as she would herself have said, and dressing as nobody else dressed in Carlingford, and becoming the great lady of the town, and eclipsing utterly Lucilla Marjoribanks, who had been so impertinent as to patronize her. Such had been Barbara's delicious dreams for a whole fortnight; and then Mr. Cavendish, who had taken her up, put her down again, and went away from her side, and delivered himself over, heart and soul, to the service of Lucilla. Barbara had no intellect to speak of, but she had what is called a heart — that is to say, a vital centre, formed by passions, all of which were set in motion by that intense force of self-regard which belongs to some of the lower organizations. Thus she arrayed herself, not in simple muslin, but in all the power of fascination which a strong will and fixed purpose can add to beauty. And in her excitement, and with the sense she had that this was her opportunity, and that advancement and grandeur depended upon the result of her night's work, her level eyebrows, and flushing cheeks, and black, intense eyes, rose almost into positive beauty. There was nobody in the room to compare with her when she stood up to sing on that memorable evening. The Miss Browns, for example, were very pretty, especially Lydia, who was afterwards married to young Richmond, Sir John's eldest son; and they were much nicer girls, and far more engaging than Barbara Lake, who was not even a lady, Mrs. Chiley said. But then her determination, though it was a poor enough thing in itself, gave a certain glow and passion to her coarser beauty which it would have been very difficult to explain. When she stood up to sing, the whole room was struck with her appearance. She had her new dress on, and though it was only white muslin like other people's, it gave her the air of a priestess inspired by some approaching crisis, and sweeping forward upon the victim who was ready to be sacrificed. And yet the victim that night was far from being ready for the sacrifice. On the contrary, he had been thinking it all over, and had concluded that prudence and every other reasonable sentiment pronounced on the other side, and that in many ways it would be a very good thing for him if he could

persuade Miss Marjoribanks to preside over and share his fortunes. He had made up his mind to this with all the more certainty that he was a man habitually prone to run off after everything that attracted him, in direct opposition to prudence—an inclination which he shared with his sister, who, as everybody knew, had ruined poor Mr Woodburn's fortunes by "taking off" before his very face the only rich uncle in the Woodburn family. Mr. Cavendish, with this wise resolution in his mind, stood up in the very path of the contralto as she followed Miss Marjoribanks to the piano, and, confident in his determination, even allowed himself to meet her eye—which was rash, to say the least of it. Barbara flashed upon him, as she passed, a blaze of intense oblique lightning from under her level brows—or perhaps it was only that straight black line which made it look oblique—and then went on to her place. The result was such as might have been anticipated from the character of the man; and indeed from that hour the history of his perversion could be clearly traced by the interested spectators. Barbara was in richer voice than ever before, and all but obliterated even Lucilla, though she too was singing her best; and thus poor Mr. Cavendish again fell into the snare. That very night the flirtation, which had already created so much talk, was resumed with more energy than ever; and Barbara took Miss Marjoribanks's place at the piano, and sang song after song in a kind of intoxication of triumph. This, to be sure, was visible only to a small portion of the guests who crowded Lucilla's drawing-room. But the result was soon so visible that all Carlingford became aware of it. To be sure, the hero wavered so much, that the excitement was kept up for many weeks; but still from the first nobody could have any reasonable doubt as to how it was to end.

And it was while this process of seduction was going on that the character of Miss Marjoribanks revealed itself in all its native grandeur. Lucilla had various kind friends round her to advise her, and especially old Mrs. Chiley, whose indignation went beyond all bounds. "My dear, I would never let her enter my door again—never!" cried the old lady; "I told you long ago I never could bear her looks—you know I warned you, Lucilla. As for her singing, what does it matter? You have a much prettier voice than she has: everybody knows that a soprano is perfect by itself, but a contralto is only a *second*," Mrs. Chiley said, with mingled wrath and satisfaction; "and, my

dear, I should never let her enter my house again, if it was me."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, who was now, as usual, equal to the occasion, "it is so nice of you to be vexed. You know I would do anything to please you;—but, after all, there are thousands and thousands of gentlemen, and it is not so easy to find a voice that goes with mine. All my masters always said it was a quite peculiar second I wanted; and suppose Barbara is foolish, that is not to say I should forget *my* duties," Miss Marjoribanks added, with a certain solemnity; "and then, you know, she has no mother to keep her right."

"And neither have you, my poor dear," said Mrs. Chiley, kissing her *protégée*. As for Lucilla, she accepted the kiss, but repressed the enthusiasm of partisanship with which her cause was being maintained.

"I have *you*," she said, with artless gratitude; "and then I am different," added Lucilla. Nothing but modesty of the most delicate description could have expressed the fact with such a fine reticence. No doubt Miss Marjoribanks was different; and she proved her superiority, if anybody could have doubted it, by the most beautiful behaviour. She took no more notice of the unprincipled flirtation thus set agoing under her very eyes, than if Mr. Cavendish and Barbara Lake had been two figures in gingerbread. So far as anybody knew, not even a flying female shaft from Lucilla's bow, one of those dainty projectiles which the best of women cast forth by times, had ever been directed against the ungrateful young person who had made so unprincipled a use of her admittance into Grange Lane; and the faithless gallant had not even the gratification of feeling that Lucilla was "cool" to him. Whether this singular self-denial cost Miss Marjoribanks any acute sufferings, to be sure, nobody could tell, but Mrs. Chiley still marked with satisfaction that Lucilla, poor dear, was able to eat her dinner, of which she had so much need to support her strength; and after she had eaten her dinner, Miss Marjoribanks would go up-stairs and show herself just as usual. She was in perfect voice, and neither lost her colour, nor grew thin, nor showed any of those external signs of a disappointment in love with which most people are familiar. "It might have been different, you know, if my affections had been engaged," she said to her sole and sympathizing counsellor; and Mrs. Chiley, who had had a great deal of experience in girls, became more and more of opinion that such sense was all but superhuman. Meantime the tide of public opin-



ion ran very high in Carlingford against Mr. Cavendish, who had been so popular a little while before. If it had been one of the Miss Browns, or a niece of the Colonel's, or indeed anybody in Grange Lane, people might have passed over it—but one of Mr. Lake the drawing-master's daughters! The only person indifferent was Mrs. Woodburn, who ought to have known better; but then she was thoughtless, like her brother, and thought it all the better, on the whole, that he should transfer those attentions which he had been paying to Miss Marjoribanks, and which in that quarter must have come to something, to a little harmless amusement with Barbara, who, after all, was very handsome, and had by times a little air of obdurate stupidity which captivated the mimic. As for anything coming of *that*, Mrs. Woodburn rejected the idea with a simplicity which was perfectly consistent with her insight into other people's weaknesses. She could put on Barbara's stolid defiant look, and even make her eyebrows square, and give something of an oblique gleam to her eyes, with the most perfect skill and mastery of the character, and at the same time be just as stolid as Barbara in respect to what was going on at her very hand, and to the consequences which must follow. She did not want her brother to marry Miss Marjoribanks, and yet she could not have said a word against so unexceptionable a match; and accordingly it was quite a satisfaction to her to see him turned aside in so perfectly legitimate a manner. She added to her repertory a sketch of Barbara, at the moment when, yielding to Mr. Cavendish's entreaties, she seated herself at the piano "for just one song;" and being perfectly successful in the representation, Mrs. Woodburn took no further care about the matter. To be sure, the hero was sufficiently experienced in such matters to know how to get out of it when it should be the proper time.

Thus the affair progressed which was to have far more serious consequences than these thoughtless persons dreamed of. Barbara ascended again to the heights of exultation and enchantment. Perhaps she was even a little in love; for, after all, she was young, and grateful to the man who thus distinguished her from the world. Yet, on the whole, it is to be feared that his house and his position in society, and the prospect of unlimited millinery, were more to her than Mr. Cavendish. All these details were not perhaps contemplated by himself as he devoted himself to the handsome contralto. He had not begun to dream, as Barbara had done for a long time, of the wedding break-

fast and the orange blossoms, or even of furnishing a new drawing-room handsomer than Miss Marjoribanks's, and giving parties which should be real parties and not mere Thursdays. None of these imaginations occupied Mr. Cavendish as he followed Barbara's glowing cheeks and flashing eyes to his undoing. But then if he did not mean it she meant it; and, after all, there are occasions in which the woman's determination is the more important of the two. So that, taking everything into consideration, there can be no doubt that it was very fortunate that Lucilla's affections were not engaged. She behaved as nobody else in Carlingford was capable of behaving, and very few people anywhere, according to Mrs. Chiley's admiring belief. It was not for a vulgar antagonist like Barbara Lake to touch Lucilla. The way in which she asked her to lunch and went on practising duets with her was angelical—it brought the tears to Mrs. Chiley's eyes; and as for the domestic traitor whom Miss Marjoribanks thus contrived to warm in her magnanimous bosom, she was sometimes so full of spite and disappointment that she could neither eat her lunch nor go on with her singing. For, to be sure, the dearest climax of her triumph was wanting so long as Lucilla took no notice; and so far from taking any notice, Miss Marjoribanks was sweeter and more friendly than usual in her serene unconsciousness. "I am so afraid you have caught cold," Lucilla would say; "if you don't feel clear in your lower notes, we can pass over this passage, you know, for to-day. You must see papa before you go away, and he will order you something; but, my dear Barbara, you must take care." And then Barbara could have eaten her fingers instead of the gloves which she kept biting in her vexation. For, to tell the truth, if Miss Marjoribanks was not jealous, the victory was but half a victory after all.

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was thus that Miss Marjoribanks went through all the preliminary stages, and succeeded finally in making a triumph out of what would certainly have been a defeat, and a humbling defeat, for anybody else. She was much too sensible to deceive herself on the subject, or not to be aware that to have a gentleman who was paying attention to her withdrawn from her side in this open manner in the sight of all the world, was as trying an accident as can happen to a woman. Fortunately, as Lucilla said, her affections were not engaged; but then, apart

from the affections, there are other sentiments which demand consideration. Everybody in Carlingford (that is to say, everybody who was anybody) knew that Mr. Cavendish had been paying her a great deal of attention, and the situation was one which required the most delicate skill to get through it successfully. Besides, Miss Marjoribanks's circumstances were all the more difficult, since up to this moment she had been perfectly sincere and natural in all her proceedings. Policy had been constantly inspired and backed by nature in the measures Lucilla had taken for the organization and welfare of her kingdom, and even what people took for the cleverest calculation was in reality a succession of happy instincts, by means of which, with the sovereignty of true genius, Miss Marjoribanks managed to please everybody by having her own way. A little victory is almost necessary to begin with, and it is a poor nature that does not expand under the stimulus of victory; but now the young reformer had come to the second stage. For, to be sure, that sort of thing cannot last forever; and this, Lucilla, with the natural prevision of a ruling mind, had foreseen from the beginning. The shape in which she had feared defeat, if a nature so full of resources could ever be said to fear, was in that of a breakdown, when all the world was looking to her for amusement, or the sudden appearance of a rival entertainer in Carlingford with superior powers: though the last was but a dim and improbable danger, the first was quite possible, and might have arrived at any moment. Miss Marjoribanks was much too sensible not to have foreseen this danger in all its shapes, and even in a kind of a way to have provided against it. But Providence, which had always taken care of her, as Lucilla piously concluded, had spared her the trial in that form. Up to this moment it had always providentially happened that all the principal people in Carlingford were quite well and disengaged on the Thursdays. To be sure, the ladies had headaches, and the married gentlemen now and then were out of temper in Grange Lane as in other less favoured places; but these social accidents had been mercifully averted on Thursdays, perhaps by means of some special celestial agency, perhaps only through that good-luck which had been born with Lucilla. Not in this vulgar and likely manner was the trial of her strength to come. When she was at the height of her success, and full in the eye of the world, and knew that everybody was remarking her, and that from the saucers for which the Doctor's table was once so

famed, but which even Colonel Chiley no longer thought of identifying as Dr. Marjoribanks's, to the fashion of the *high* white frock in which Lucilla had taught the young ladies of Carlingford to appear on an evening, she was being imitated on every hand, — at that moment, when an ordinary person would have had her head turned, and gone wild with too much success, Miss Marjoribanks suddenly saw her dragon approaching her. Just then, when she could not put on a new ribbon, or do her hair in a different style, without all Carlingford knowing of it — at that epoch of intoxication and triumph the danger came, sudden, appalling, and unlooked for. If Lucilla was staggered by the encounter, she never showed it, but met the difficulty like a woman of mettle, and scorned to flinch. It had come to be summer weather when the final evening arrived upon which Mr. Cavendish forgot himself altogether, and went over to the insidious enemy whom Miss Marjoribanks had been nourishing in her bosom. Fifty eyes were upon Lucilla, watching her conduct at that critical moment — fifty ears were on the strain to divine her sentiments in her voice, and to catch some intonation at least which should betray her consciousness of what was going on. But if Miss Marjoribanks's biographer has fitly discharged his duty, the readers of this history will have no difficulty in divining that the curiosity of the spectators got no satisfaction from Lucilla. Many people even supposed she had not remarked anything, her composure was so perfect. No growing red or growing pale, no harsh notes in her voice, nor evidence of distracted attention, betrayed that her mind was elsewhere while she was attending to her guests; and yet, to be sure, she saw, just as other people did, that Barbara, all flushed and crimson, with her eyes blazing under their sullen brows, stood in a glow of triumph at the open window, with Mr. Cavendish in devoted attendance, a captive at her chariot-wheels. Matters had been progressing to this point for some time; but yet the two culprits had never before showed themselves so lost to all sense of propriety. Instead of fainting or getting pale, or showing any other symptoms of violent despite, Lucilla went upon her airy way, indirectly approaching this point of interest. When she came up to that group, which Mrs. Chiley kept regarding as if her kind old countenance, garlanded in her prettiest cap, was a Medusa head, Miss Marjoribanks made a pause, and all Carlingford drew a long breath, and felt its heart stand still, to observe the conflict. But then the conflict

was an utterly unequal one, and few people could have any doubt of the result. "Barbara," said Lucilla, "do put your shawl on when you go to the window. You will lose your voice, and then what shall we all do? Mr. Cavendish, please to take her away from the window—take her out of the draught. I wonder what you can be thinking of to let her stand there. I should like to know what you would all say if she were to lose her voice."

And when she had said this, Lucilla plunged once more into the vortex of her guests. If she was affronted, or if she was wounded, nobody found it out; and when Mrs. Chiley offered the tribute of her indignation and sympathy, it has already been recorded how her young friend responded to her. "Fortunately my affections never were engaged," Lucilla said, and no doubt that was a great advantage; but then, as we have said, there are other things besides affections to be taken into account when the woman whom you have been kind to snaps up the man who has been paying attention to you, not only before your eyes, but before the eyes of all the world. The result of her masterly conduct on this occasion was that her defeat became, as we have said, a triumph for Miss Marjoribanks. To be sure, it is to be hoped that, in the sweets of their mutual regard, the two criminals found compensation for the disapproval of the spectators; but nothing could be more marked than the way in which Carlingford turned its cold shoulder on its early favourite. "I never imagined Cavendish was such a fool, Mr. Centum said, who was a man of few words; "if he likes that style of philandering, it is nothing to me, but he need not make an idiot of himself." As for Mr. Woodburn, he, as was natural, inflicted vicarious punishment upon his wife. "It must be all your fault," he growled, when he was taking her home, and had her at his mercy, with that logic peculiar to a married man; "you ought to tell him he's making an ass of himself. Why the deuce do you let him go on with that tomfoolery? He'll lose all his chances in life, and then, I hope, you'll be satisfied. You women can never see an inch before your own noses!" cried the uncivil husband; which, it must be confessed, was rather hard upon poor Mrs. Woodburn, who had nothing to do with it, and had indeed calculated upon perfecting her sketch of Barbara in the quietness of the walk home; for as everybody lived in Grange Lane, carriages were not necessary for Miss Marjoribanks's guests. They flitted out and in in the moonlight with pretty scarfs thrown

over their heads and laced handkerchiefs tied under their chins, and made Grange Lane, between the two straight lines of garden-wall, like a scene in a masquerade on the Thursday evenings. And while Mr. Cavendish was thus suffering by deputy the contempt of his former admirers, Lucilla, by herself in the abandoned drawing-room, was thinking over the evening with a severe but on the whole satisfactory self-examination. After the first shock, which she had encountered with so much courage, Miss Marjoribanks was rather grateful than otherwise to Providence, which had brought the necessary trial upon her in this form. If it had been a breakdown and humiliating failure instead, how different would her sensations have been! and Lucilla was quite conscious that such a thing might have occurred. It might have occurred to her, as it had done to so many people, to see Thursday come round with a failure of all that made Thursday agreeable. Lady Richmond might have had her influenza that day, and little Henry Centum his sudden attack, which had kept his mother in conversation ever since, and Mrs. Woodburn one of her bad headaches; and as for the Miss Browns, there was nothing in the world but Lucilla's habitual good fortune which prevented them from having blacked their fingers with their photography to such an extent as to make them perfectly unrepresentable. Or, to turn to another chapter of accidents, the last duet, which Barbara had insisted upon singing without proper practice, might have broken down utterly. None of these things had happened, and Lucilla drew a long breath of gratitude as she thought how fortunate she had been in all these particulars. To be sure, it was necessary to have a trial of one kind or other; and the modest but intense gratification of having stood the test diffused itself like a balm through her bosom. No doubt she would have felt, like most people, a certain pleasure in snubbing Barbara; but then there is, on the other hand, a sweetness in sacrificing such impulses to the sacred sense of duty and the high aims of genius which is still more attractive to a well-regulated mind. Miss Marjoribanks herself put out the candles, and went to her own room with that feeling of having acquitted herself satisfactorily which many people think to be the highest gratification of which the mind is capable. After all, it was by no means certain that Mr. Cavendish would be M. P. for Carlingford. Mr. Chiltern might live for twenty years, or he even might get better, which was more unlikely; or supposing him to be comfortably disposed of, nobody could

say with any certainty that some man unknown at present in Carlingford might not start up all of a sudden and gain the most sweet voices of the shopkeepers, who were, to be sure, the majority of the community, and quite outnumbered Grange Lane. It was thus that Lucilla consoled herself as she went to her maiden retirement; and it will be seen that in all this she made very small account of Barbara, who was at that moment hoping that Miss Marjoribanks hated her, and making fancy pictures of her rival's despair. But then there could not be a moment's doubt that Barbara Lake was a foeman quite unworthy of Lucilla's steel.

While all this was going on, Dr Marjoribanks remained an amused spectator, and chuckled a little quietly, without saying anything to anybody, over the turn affairs had taken. The doctor knew all about everybody in Carlingford, and he had never been an enthusiast in favour of Mrs. Woodburn's brother, notwithstanding that the young man had been received so warmly into society as one of the Cavendishes. Perhaps Dr. Marjoribanks, being Scotch, and having a turn for genealogy, found the description a little vague; but at all events there can be no doubt that he laughed to himself as he retired from the scene of his daughter's trial. Perhaps the doctor thought, in a professional point of view, that a little discipline of this description would be useful to Lucilla. Perhaps he thought it would be good for her to find out that—though she had managed to slip the reins out of his hands, and get the control of affairs with a skill which amused the Doctor, and made him a little proud of her abilities, even though he was himself the victim—she could not go on always unchecked in her triumphant career, but must endure like other people an occasional defeat. No doubt, had Lucilla been really worsted, paternal feeling would have interposed, and Dr. Marjoribanks would to some extent have suffered in her suffering; but then the case was different, and nobody required, as it turned out, to suffer for Lucilla. The Doctor was pleased she had shown so much spirit, and pleased also to see how entirely she had discomfited her antagonists, and turned the tables upon the "young puppy," in whom he had no confidence; and withal Dr. Marjoribanks chuckled a little in his secret heart over the event itself, and concluded that it would do Lucilla good. She had vanquished Nancy, and by a skilful jerk taken the reins out of his own experienced hands. It is true that, notwithstanding all

this, the Doctor was conscious that he had been on the whole very wisely governed since his abdication, but yet he was not sorry that the young conqueror should feel herself human; so that nobody except Mrs. Chiley felt that mingled rage and disappointment with which Barbara Lake had hoped to inspire Lucilla's bosom; and Mrs. Chiley, so to speak, had nothing to do with it. As for Barbara herself, she returned home in a state of mingled spite and exultation and disgust, which filled her sister with amazement.

"She is such an actor, you know," Barbara said; "she never will give in to let you know how she is feeling—not if she can help it; but for all that she must have felt it. Nobody could help feeling it, though she carried it off so well. I knew how it would be, as soon as I had on a dress that was fit to be seen."

"What is it that she could not help feeling?" said Rose. "I suppose it is Lucilla you mean?"

"I should like to know what right she had to be kind to me," cried Barbara, all glowing in her sullen but excited beauty; "and invite me there, and introduce me in her grand way, as if she was any better than I am! And then to look at all her India muslins; but I knew it would be different as soon as I had a decent dress," said the contralto, rising up to contemplate herself in the little mirror over the mantelpiece.

This conversation took place in Mr. Lake's little parlour, where Rose had been waiting for her sister, and where Barbara's white dress made an unusual radiance in the dim and partially-lighted room. Rose herself was all shrouded up in her morning dress, with her pretty round arms and shoulders lost to the common view. She had been amusing herself as she waited by working at a corner of that great design which was to win the prize on a later occasion. Readers of this history who have studied the earlier chapters will remember that Rose's tastes in ornamentation were very clearly defined for so young a person. Instead of losing herself in vague garlands of impossible flowers, the young artist clung with the tenacity of first love to the thistle leaf, which had been the foundation of her early triumphs. Her mind was full of it even while she received and listened to Barbara; whether to treat it in a national point of view, bringing in the rose and shamrock, which was a perfectly allowable proceeding, though perhaps not original—or whether she should yield to the "sweet feeling" which had been so conspicuous in her



flounce, in the opinion of the Marlborough-House gentlemen — or whether, on the contrary, she should handle the subject in a boldly naturalistic way, and use her spikes with freedom, — was a question which occupied at that moment all Rose's faculties. Even while she asked Barbara what the subject was on which Lucilla might be supposed to be excited, she was within herself thinking out this difficult idea — all the more difficult, perhaps, considering the nature of the subject, since the design in this case was not for a flounce, in which broad handling is practicable, but for a veil.

"I wish you would not talk in that foolish way," said Rose; "nobody need be any better than you, as you say. To be sure, we don't live in Grange Lane, nor keep a carriage; but I wish you would recollect that these are only accidental circumstances. As for dress, I don't see that you require it; our position is so clearly defined; we are a family of —"

"Oh, for goodness gracious sake, do be quiet with your family of artists," cried Barbara. "Speak for yourself, if you please. I am not an artist, and never will be, I can tell you. There are better places to live in than Grange Lane; and as for keeping a carriage, I would never call a little bit of a brougham a carriage, if it was me. Lucilla made believe to take no notice, but she did not deceive me with that. She was as disappointed as ever she could be — I daresay now she's sitting crying over it. I never would have cared one straw if I had not wanted to serve Lucilla out!" cried the contralto with energy. She was still standing before the glass pulling her black hair about into new combinations, and studying the effect; and as for Rose, she too looked up, and, seeing her sister's face reflected in the glass, made the discovery that there was something like grimace in the countenance, and paused in the midst of her meditations with her pencil in her hand.

"Don't put yourself out of drawing," said Rose; "I wish you would not do that so often. When the facial angle is disturbed to that extent — But about Lucilla, I think you are excessively ungrateful. Gratitude is not a servile sentiment," said the little Preraphaelite, with a rising colour. "It is a slavish sort of idea to think any one has done you an injury by being kind to you. If that is the sort of thing you are going to talk of, I think you had better go to bed."

"Then I will, and I sha'n't tell you anything," said Barbara, angrily — "you are so poor-spirited. For my part, do you

think I'd ever have gone to help Lucilla and sing for her, and all that sort of thing, if it had not been to better myself? Nor I wouldn't have thought of *him* just at first, if it hadn't been to spite *her*. And I've done it too. I'd just like to look in at her room window and see what she's about. I daresay she is crying her eyes out, for all her looking as if she took no notice. I know better than to think she doesn't care. And, Rose, he's such a dear," said Barbara, with a laugh of excitement. To be sure, what she wanted was to be Mrs. Cavendish, and to have a handsome house and a great many nice dresses; but at the same time she was young, and Mr. Cavendish was good-looking, and she was a little in love, in her way, as well.

"I don't want to hear any more about it," said Rose, who was so much moved as to forget even her design. "I can't think how it is you have no sense of honour, and you one of the Lakes. I would not be a traitor for a dozen Mr. Cavendishes!" cried Rose, in the force of her indignation. "He must be a cheat, since you are a traitor. If he was a true man he would have found you out."

"You had better be quiet, Rose," said Barbara; "you may be sure I shall never do anything for you after we are married, if you talk like that; and then you'll be sorry enough."

"After you are married! has he asked you to marry him?" cried Rose. She pushed away her design with both her hands in the vehemence of her feelings, and regarded her sister with eyes which blazed, but which were totally different in their blazing from those which burned under Barbara's level eyebrows. It was too plain a question to have a plain answer. Barbara only lighted her candle in reply, and smiled and shook her head.

"You don't suppose I am going to answer after your insulting ways," she said, taking up her candle; and she swept out of the room in her white dress with a sense of pleasure in leaving this grand point unsettled. To be sure, Mr. Cavendish had not yet asked that important question; but then the future was all before them, and the way clear. As for Rose, she clenched her little fists with a gesture that would have been too forcible for any one who was not an artist, and a member of a family of artists. "To think she should be one of us, and not to know what honour means," said Rose; "and as for this man, he must be a cheat himself, or he would find her out."

This was how Mr. Cavendish's defection from Lucilla took place; and at the same time it is a satisfaction to know that the event was received by everybody very much as little Rose Lake received it. And as for Miss Marjoribanks, if Barbara could have had the malicious satisfaction of looking in at the window, she would have been mortified to find that right-minded young woman sleeping the sleep of the just and innocent, and enjoying repose as profound and agreeable as if there had been no Mr. Cavendish in the world, not to speak of Carlingford;—which, to be sure, was a result to be greatly attributed to Lucilla's perfect health, and entire satisfaction with herself.

## CHAPTER XV.

This event was of far too much importance in the limited world of Grange Lane to pass over without some of the many commentaries which were going on upon the subject coming to the ears of Miss Marjoribanks, who was the person principally concerned. As for the Doctor, as we have already said, he was so far lost to a sense of his paternal duties as to chuckle a little within himself over the accident that had happened to Lucilla. It had done her no harm, and Dr. Marjoribanks permitted himself to regard the occurrence in a professional point of view, as supplying a little alternative which he could scarcely administer himself; for it is well known that physicians are seldom successful in the treatment of their own families. He was more jocose than usual at breakfast for some days following, and, on the morning of the next Thursday, asked if everybody was to come as usual, with a significance which did not escape the young mistress of the house.

"You know best, papa," she said, cheerfully, as she poured him out his coffee: "if there is anybody who is ill and can't come, it must be your fault—but I did not hear that any one was ill."

"Nor I," said the Doctor, with a quiet laugh; and he could not help thinking it would be good sport to see Cavendish come into the drawing-room all by himself without any support, and make his appearance before Miss Marjoribanks, and do his best to be agreeable, with an awful consciousness of his bad behaviour, and nobody sufficiently benevolent to help him out. The Doctor thought it would serve him right, but yet he was not sufficiently irritated nor sufficiently sympathetic to lose any of the

humour of the situation; and it was with a little zest, as for something especially piquant, that he looked forward to the evening. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she too recognized the importance of the occasion. She resolved to produce that evening a new *plat*, which had occupied a corner of her busy mind for some time past. It was an era which called for a new step in advance. She sat down by the window to wait the appearance of Nancy, with various novel combinations floating in her creative brain. Her first chapter seemed to Lucilla's eyes to be achieved and concluded. She had had much success, in which a mind of correct sentiments could not but find cause of satisfaction; and now was the time to enter upon a second and still more important stage. While she was revolving these ideas in her mind, Nancy came in with more than her usual briskness. It is true that Lucilla had her household well in hand, and possessed the faculty of government to a remarkable extent; but still, under the best of circumstances, it was a serious business to propose a new dish to Nancy. Dr. Marjoribanks's factotum was a woman of genius in her way, and by no means unenlightened, or an enemy of progress; but then she had a weakness common to many persons of superior intelligence and decided character. When there was anything new to be introduced, Nancy liked to be herself the godmother of the interesting novelty; for, to be sure, it was her place, and Miss Lucilla, though she was very clever, was not to be expected to understand what came in best with the other dishes for a dinner. "I ain't one as goes just upon fish and flesh and fowl, like some as call themselves cooks," Nancy said. "If I have a failing, it's for things as suits. When it's brown, make it brown, and don't be mean about the gravy-beef—that's my principle; and when it ain't brown, mind what you're a-doing of—and don't go and throw a heap of entr's and things at a gentleman's head without no 'armony. I always says to Miss Lucilla as 'armony's the thing; and when I've set it all straight in my mind, I ain't one as likes to be put out," Nancy would add, with a gleam of her eye which betokened mischief. Miss Marjoribanks was much too sensible not to be aware of this peculiarity; and accordingly she cleared her throat with something as near nervousness as was possible to Lucilla before she opened her lips to propose the innovation. Miss Marjoribanks, as a general rule, did not show much nervousness in her dealings

with her prime-minister, any more than in her demeanour towards the less important members of society; and consequently Nancy remarked the momentary timidity, and a flash of sympathy and indignation took the place of the usual impulse of defiance.

"I heard as master said, there was some gentleman as wasn't a-coming," said Nancy. "Not as one makes no difference in a dinner; but I allays likes to know! I don't like no waste, for my part. I ain't one as calk'lates too close, but if there's one thing as I hates like poison, it's waste. I said as I would ask, for Thomas ain't as correct as could be wished. Is it one less than usual, Miss Lucilla?" said Nancy; and it was Lucilla's fault if she did not understand the profound and indignant sympathy in Nancy's voice.

"Oh, no; it is just the usual number," said Miss Marjoribanks. "It was only a joke of papa's — they are all just as usual —" And here Lucilla paused. She was thinking of the dish she wanted, but Nancy thought she was thinking of Mr. Cavendish, who had treated her so badly. She studied the countenance of her young mistress with the interest of a woman who has had her experiences, and knows how little *They* are to be depended upon. Nancy murmured "Poor dear!" under her breath, almost without knowing it, and then a brilliant inspiration came to her mind. Few people have the gift of interfering successfully in such cases, but then to offer consolation is a Christian duty, especially when one has the confidence that to give consolation is in one's power.

"Miss Lucilla, I would say, as you've been doing too much, if anybody was to ask me," said Nancy, moved by this generous impulse, "all them practisings and things. They're well enough for young ladies as ain't got nothing else to do; but you as has such a deal in your hands — If there was any little thing as you could fancy for dinner," said Nancy, in her most bland accents; "I've set it all down as I thought would be nicest, allays if you approves, Miss Lucilla; but if there was any little thing as you could fancy —" "Poor dear, it's all as we can do," she murmured to herself. The faithless could not be brought back again; but Ariadne might at least have any little thing she could fancy for dinner, which, indeed, is a very general treatment of such a case on the part of perplexed sympathizers who do not know what to say.

Lucilla was so excited for the moment by

this unusual evidence of her own good fortune that she had almost spoiled all by sitting straight up and entering with her usual energy into the discussion — but instinct saved Miss Marjoribanks from this mistake. She lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity, and instead of having a fight with Nancy, and getting a reluctant consent, and still more reluctnat execution of the novelty, Lucilla felt that she was doing that excellent woman a favour by naming her new dish. Nancy approved so thoroughly as to be enthusiastic. "I always said as she had a deal of sense," she said afterwards, triumphantly. "There ain't one young lady in a hundred as knows what's good for her, like Miss Lucilla." But notwithstanding this fervent declaration of approval, Nancy, softened as she was, could not but linger, when all was concluded, to give a little advice.

"I wouldn't worrit myself with all them practisings, Miss Lucilla, if I was you," said her faithful retainer. "They're a deal too much for you. I've took the liberty, when all was cleaned up, to go on the stair and listen a bit, and there ain't nothing to equal it when you're a-singing by yourself. I don't think nothing of them duets — and as for that bold-faced brazen thing —"

"Oh, Nancy, hush!" said Lucilla; "Miss Lake has a beautiful voice. If she does not look quite like a lady, it is not her fault, poor thing. She has no mamma to set her right, you know. She is the best assistant I have — she and Mr. Cavendish," said Lucilla, sweetly; and she gave Nancy a look which moved the faithful servant almost to tears, though she was not addicted to that weakness. Nancy retired with the most enthusiastic determination to exert herself to the utmost for the preparation of the little dish which Lucilla fancied. "But I wouldn't worrit about them duets," she said again, as she left the room. "I wouldn't not if I was you, Miss Lucilla, asking pardon for the liberty: as for having no mamma, you have no mamma yourself, and you the young lady as is most thought upon in Carlingford, and as different from that brazen-faced thing, with her red cheeks —"

"Hush, oh hush, Nancy," Lucilla said, as she sank back in her chair; but Miss Marjoribanks, after all, was only human, and she was not so distressed by these unpolished epithets applied to her *collaborateur* as she might or perhaps ought to have been. "Poor Barbara! I wish she could only look a little bit like a lady," she said to herself; and so proceeded with her preparations for the evening. She had all her plans ma-

tured, and she felt quite comfortable about that Thursday which all her friends were thinking would be rather trying to Lucilla. To tell the truth, when a thing became rather trying, Lucilla's spirits rose. Mr. Cavendish's desertion was perhaps, on the whole, more than compensated for by the exhilaration of a difficulty to be encountered. She too began to forecast, like her father, the possibilities of the evening, and to think of Mr. Cavendish coming in to dinner when there was nobody to support him, and not even a crowd of people to retire among. Would he run the risk of coming, under the circumstances? or, if he came, would he prostrate himself as he had done on a previous occasion, and return to his allegiance? This question roused Lucilla to a degree of energy unusual even to her who was always energetic. It was then that the brilliant idea struck her of adjourning to the garden in the evening—a practice which was received with such enthusiasm in Carlingford, where the gardens were so pretty. She put on her hat directly and went down stairs, and called the gardener to consult him about it; and it was thus that she was employed when Mrs. Chiley rang the bell at the garden-gate. If it had been anybody else in Carlingford, Lucilla would have led her back again to the house, and said nothing about the subject of her conference with the gardener; for it is always best, as all judicious persons are aware, not to forestall these little arrangements which make so agreeable a surprise at the moment; but then Mrs. Chiley was Miss Marjoribanks's special confidant. The old lady had her face full of business that bright morning. She listened to what her young friend proposed, but without hearing it, and said, "Oh yes, my dear, I am sure it will be charming," without the very least notion what it was she applauded. "Let us go in and sit down a moment, for I have something to say to you, Lucilla," Mrs. Chiley said; and when they had reached the drawing-room and shut the door, the Colonel's wife gave her favourite a kiss, and looked anxiously in her face. "You have not been to see me since Monday," said Mrs. Chiley. "I am sure you are not well, or you could not have stayed away so long; but if you did not feel equal to going out, why did not you send for me, Lucilla, my poor dear?" Though Miss Marjoribanks's thoughts at that moment were full of the garden, and not in the least occupied with those more troublesome matters which procured for her Mrs. Chiley's sympathy, she placed the kind old lady in the most

easy chair, and sat down by her, as Mrs. Chiley liked to see a young creature do. Lucilla's affairs were too important to be trusted to a young *confidante* of her own age; but even a person of acknowledged genius like Miss Marjoribanks is the better of some one to whom she can open up her breast.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley!" said Lucilla, "I am quite well, and I meant to have come to see you to-day."

"My poor dear!" said Mrs. Chiley again. "You say you are quite well, for you have such a spirit; but I can see what you have been going through. I don't understand how you can keep on, and do so much. But it was not *that* that brought me here. There is some one coming to Carlingford that I want you to meet, Lucilla. He is a relation of Mary Chiley's husband, and as she does not get on very well with them, you know, I think it is our duty to be civil. And they say he is a very nice man; and young—enough," said Mrs. Chiley, with a look of some anxiety, pausing to see the effect produced upon Lucilla by her words.

Miss Marjoribanks had not, as she once confessed, a very vivid sense of humour, but she laughed a little, in spite of herself, at the old lady's anxious look. "Don't be sorry for me," she said; "I told you that fortunately my affections were not engaged. I don't want any new gentleman introduced to me. If *that* was what I was thinking of, I never need have come home," Lucilla said, with a little dignity; and yet, to be sure, she was naturally curious to know who the new man, who was very nice and young—enough, could be; for such apparitions were not too plentiful in Carlingford; and it did not seem in reason that an individual of this interesting description could come out of Colonel Chiley's house.

"My dear, he is a clergyman," said Mrs. Chiley, putting her hand on Miss Marjoribanks's arm, and speaking in a half whisper; "and you know a nice clergyman is always nice, and you need not think of him as a young man unless you like. He has a nice property, and he is Rector of Basing, which is a very good living, and Archdeacon of Stanmore. He has come here to hold a visitation, you know; and they say that if Carlingford was made into a bishopric, he is almost sure to be the first bishop; and you know a bishop, or even an archdeacon, has a very nice position. I want to be civil to him for Mary Chiley's sake, who is not on such terms as we could wish with her husband's friends; and then I suppose he will have to be a great deal in Carlingford, and



I should like him to form a good impression. I want you and your dear good papa to come and meet him; and then after that—but one thing is enough at a time," the old lady said, breaking off with a nod and a smile. She too had brought her bit of consolation to Lucilla; and it was a kind of consolation which, when administered at the right moment, is sometimes of sovereign efficacy, as Mrs. Chiley was aware.

"I am sure papa will be very happy," said Lucilla; "and indeed, if you like, I shall be very glad to ask him here. If he is a friend of yours, that is quite enough for me. It is very nice to know a nice clergyman; but as for being a young man, I can't see how that matters. If I had been thinking of *that*, I need never—but I should think papa would like to meet him; and you know it is the object of my life to please papa."

"Yes, my poor dear," said the Colonel's wife, "and he would be hard-hearted indeed if he was not pleased; but still we must consider you too a little, Lucilla. You do everything for other people, and you never think of yourself. But I like to see you with nice people round you, for my part." Mrs. Chiley added—"really nice people, and not these poor-spirited, ungrateful —"

"Hush, hush!" said Lucilla; "I don't know such nice people anywhere as there are in Carlingford. Some people are never pleased with their neighbours, but I always get on so well with everybody. It is my good luck, you know; and so long as I have you, dear Mrs. Chiley —"

"Ah, Lucilla!" said the old lady, "that is very kind of you—and you could not have anybody that is fonder of you than I am; but still I am an old woman, old enough to be your grandmother, my dear—and we have your future interests to think of. As for all the vexations you have had, I think I could find it in my heart to turn that ungrateful creature to the door. Don't let her come here any more. I like your voice a great deal better when you are singing by yourself—and I am sure the Archdeacon would be of my opinion," said Mrs. Chiley, with a confidence which was beautiful to behold. It was true she had not seen her new hero as yet, but that only left her so much more free to take the good of him and his probable sentiments; for to persons of frank and simple imagination a very little foundation of fact is enough to build upon. No doubt the Archdeacon would be of her opinion when he knew all the features of the case.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley, it is so nice of you to

be vexed," said Lucilla, who thought it as well not to enter into any farther argument. "Papa will be delighted, I am sure, and I can come in the evening. The Colonel likes to have only six people, and you will be three to start with, so there can't be any room for me at dinner; and you know I don't mind about dinner. I shall come in the evening and make tea for you—and if you think he would like to come next Thursday—" said Lucilla, graciously. This was how it was eventually settled. Mrs. Chiley went home again through Grange Lane in the sunshine, with that little old womanish hobble which Mrs. Woodburn executed with such precision, perfectly satisfied with her success, and indulging herself in some pleasant visions. To be sure, a nice clergyman is always nice to know, even though nothing more was to come of it; and a new man in the field, of such distinguished pretensions, would be Lucilla's best defence against any sort of mortification. As for Miss Marjoribanks herself, she was thinking a great deal more of the new details for the approaching evening than of anything else more distant, and consequently less important; but, on the whole, she was by no means displeased to hear of the Archdeacon. In such a work as hers, a skilful leader is always on the outlook for auxiliaries; and there are circumstances in which a nice clergyman is almost as useful to the lady of the house as a man who can flirt. To be sure, now and then there occurs a rare example in which both these qualities are united in one person; but even in the most modest point of view, if he was not stupid or obstinately Low-Church, there was nothing to despise in the apparition of the Archdeacon thus suddenly blown to her very door. While she had the seats placed in the garden (not too visibly, but shrouded among the shrubs and round the trunks of the trees), and chose the spot for a little illumination, which was not to be universal, like a tea-garden, but concentrated in one spot under the big lime-tree, Lucilla permitted herself to speculate a little about this unknown hero. She did not so much ask herself if he would be dark or fair, according to the usage of young ladies, as whether he would be High or Broad. But, however, that question, like various others, was still hidden in the surrounding darkness.

This was how Mrs. Chiley did her best to cheer up Lucilla in the discouragement from which she supposed her young friend to be suffering. It was perhaps a loftier expedient in one way than Nancy's desire that she should have something she would

fancy for dinner; but then there could not be any doubt as to the kindness which prompted both suggestions; and, after all, it is not what people do for you, but the spirit in which they do it, which should be taken into consideration, as Lucilla most justly observed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

That Thursday evening was one which all the people in Grange Lane had unanimously concluded would be rather hard upon Miss Marjoribanks. To be sure, when a crisis arrives there is always a certain excitement which keeps one up; but afterwards, when the excitement is over, then is the time when it becomes really trying. There was naturally, under these circumstances, a larger assemblage than usual to watch the progress of the little drama, and how Lucilla would behave; for, after all, so-society would be excessively tame if it were not for these personal complications, which are always arising, and which are so much better than a play. As for the Doctor himself, the portion of the evening's entertainment which particularly amused him was that which preceded all the rest—the reception given by Lucilla to her guests at dinner, and especially to the culprit, who came in quite alone, and found nobody to stand up for him. Mr. Cavendish, who felt to the full the difficulty of his position, and, to tell the truth, was a little ashamed of himself, came late, in order to abridge his trial as much as possible; but Lucilla's habitual good fortune was not confined only to her own necessities, but seemed to involve everybody opposed to her in a ceaseless ill-luck, which was very edifying to the spectators. Mr. Cavendish was so late that the other guests had formed into groups round the room, leaving a great open space and avenue of approach to the lady of the house in the middle; and the audience, thus arranged, was very impatient and unfavorable to the lingerer who kept them waiting for their dinner. When he came in at last, instead of doing anything to help him, everybody ceased talking and looked on in stern silence as the wretched culprit walked all the length of the room up to Lucilla through the unoccupied space which exposed him so unmercifully on every side. They all stopped in the middle of what they were saying, and fixed stony eyes on him, as the dead sailors did on the Ancient Mariner. He had a very good spirit, but still there are circumstances which take the courage out of a man. To be sure, Miss Marjoribanks, when he reach-

ed her at last, received Mr. Cavendish with the utmost grace and cordiality; but it is easy to imagine what must have been the feelings of the unfortunate young man. The Balaclava charge itself, in the face of all the guns, could have been nothing to the sensation of walking through that horrible naked space, through a crowd of reproachful men who were waiting for dinner; and it was only after it was all over, and Mr. Cavendish had safely arrived at Miss Marjoribanks's side, and was being set at his ease, poor wretch, by her incomparable sweetness, that the Doctor, with a certain grim smile on his countenance, came and shook hands with his unfortunate guest.

"You are late," Dr. Marjoribanks said, taking out the great watch by which all the pulses of Grange Lane considered it their duty to keep time, and which marked five minutes after seven, as everybody could see. It was ten minutes after seven by the pretty French clock on the mantelpiece, and at least twenty by the lowering countenances of Dr. Marjoribanks's guests. Mr. Cavendish made the best of his unhappy position, and threw himself upon Lucilla's charity, who was the only one who had any compassion upon him; for to see Mrs. Chiley's forbidding countenance, no one could have believed that she had ever called him "my dear." "Dinner is on the table, papa," Miss Marjoribanks said, with a little re-assuring nod to the culprit who had made her his refuge; and she got up and shook out her white draperies with a charitable commotion for which her faithless admirer blessed her in his heart. But the place at her left hand was not left vacant for Mr. Cavendish; he had not the spirit to claim it, even had he had the time; and the consequence was that he found himself next to his brother-in-law at table, which was indeed a hard fate. As for Lucilla, nobody had ever seen her in better spirits or looks; she was quite radiant when the famous dish made its appearance which Nancy had elaborated to please her, and told the story of its introduction to her two next neighbours, in a half whisper, to their immense amusement. "When the servants are gone I will tell you what we are laughing at," she breathed across the table to Mrs. Chiley, who was "more than delighted," as she said, to see her dear Lucilla keeping up so well; and when the dessert was put upon the table, and Thomas had finally disappeared, Miss Marjoribanks kept her promise. "I could not think how I was to get her consent," Lucilla said, "but you know she thought I was in low spirits, the dear old

soul, and that it would be a comfort to me." Though there was often a great deal of fun at Dr. Marjoribanks's table, nothing was ever heard there to compare with the laughter that greeted Lucilla's narrative. Everybody was so entirely aware of the supposed cause of the low spirits, and indeed was so conscious of having speculated, like Nancy, upon Miss Marjoribanks's probable demeanour at this trying moment, that the laughter was not mere laughter, but conveyed, at the same time, a confession of guilt and a storm of applause and admiration. As for Mr. Cavendish, it was alarming to look at him in the terrible paroxysm of confusion and shame which he tried to shield under the universal amusement. Miss Marjoribanks left the dining-room that evening with the soothing conviction that she had administered punishment of the most annihilating kind, without for a moment diverging from the perfect sweetness and amiability with which it was her duty to treat all her father's guests. It was so complete and perfect that there was not another word to be said either on one side or the other; and yet Lucilla had not in the least committed herself, or condescended from her maiden dignity. As for Dr. Marjoribanks, if he had chuckled over it before, in anticipation, it may be supposed how he enjoyed now this perfect vindication of his daughter's capacity for taking care of herself. The sound of the victory was even heard up-stairs, where the young ladies at the open window were asking each other, with a little envy, what the men could be laughing at. There was, as we have said, a larger assembly than usual that night. For one thing, it was moonlight, and all the people from the country were there; and then public curiosity was profoundly concerned as to how Lucilla was to conduct herself on so trying an occasion. The laughter even jarred on the sensitive feelings of some people who thought, where a young girl's happiness was concerned, that it was too serious a matter to be laughed at; but then Miss Marjoribanks was not a person who could be classed with ordinary young girls, in the general acceptance of the word.

It was when things were at this crisis, and all eyes were directed to Lucilla, and a certain expectation was diffused through the company, that Miss Marjoribanks made that proposal of adjourning to the garden, which was received with so much applause. Lucilla's instinct, or rather her genius, had warned her that something out of the ordinary course of proceedings would be ex-

pected from her on that special occasion. She could not get up and make a speech to her excited and curious audience, neither could she, *apropos* of nothing, tell over again the story which had been received with such applause down-stairs; and yet something was wanting. The ordinary routine did not satisfy Lucilla's constituency, who had come with the laudable intention of observing her on a trying occasion, and watching how she got through it. "The air is so delicious to-night that I had some seats placed in the garden," Miss Marjoribanks said, "and if you all like we will sing to you up here, and give you as much music as ever you please. You know I never would consent to be too musical when everybody was in one room. It does not matter so much when there are a *suite*; but then papa, you know, is only a professional man, and I have but one drawing-room," said Lucilla, with sweet humility. It was Lady Richmond to whom she was addressing herself at the moment, who was a lady who liked to be the great lady of the party. "It is only in summer that we can be a little like you fine people who have as many rooms as you please. When you are at a little distance we will sing to you all the evening if you like."

"But, my dear, are you sure you feel able for so much exertion?" said Lady Richmond, who was one of those people who did not think a young girl's happiness a thing to be trifled with; and she looked with what she described afterwards as a very searching expression in Miss Marjoribanks's face.

"Dear Lady Richmond, I hope I am always able for my duty," said that gentle martyr. "Papa would be wretched if he did not think we were all enjoying ourselves; and you know it is the object of my life to be a comfort to papa."

This was what the searching expression in Lady Richmond's eyes elicited from Lucilla. The sentiment was perhaps a little different from that which she had conveyed to her delighted auditors in the dining-room, but at the same time it was equally true; for everybody in Carlingford was aware of the grand object of Miss Marjoribanks's existence. Lady Richmond went down to the garden at the head of a bevy of ladies, and seated herself under the drawing-room windows, and placed a chair beside her own for Mrs. Chiley. "I am afraid that dear girl is keeping up too well," Lady Richmond said; "I never saw such fortitude. All the young people say she does not feel it; but as soon as I fixed my eyes on her I saw the

difference. You can always find out what a girl's feelings are when you look into her eyes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Chiley, with a little doubt, for she had been shaken in her convictions by the universal laughter, though she was a little mystified herself by Lucilla's anecdote; and then she had never been gifted with eyes like Lady Richmond, which looked people through and through. "She goes through a great deal, and it never seems to do her any harm," the old lady said, with a little hesitation. "It is such a comfort that she has a good constitution, especially as her mother was so delicate; and then Lucilla has such a spirit —"

"But one may try a good constitution too far," said Lady Richmond; "and I am certain she is full of feeling. It is sure to come out when she sings, and that is why I came to this seat. I should not like to lose a note. And do tell me who is that horrid, flirting, disagreeable girl?" added the county lady, drawing her chair a little closer. By this time the garden was full of pretty figures and pleasant voices, and under the lime-tree there was a glimmer of yellow light from the lamps, and on the other side the moon was coming up steady like a ball of silver over the dark outlines of Carlingford; and even the two voices which swelled forth up-stairs in the fullest accord, betraying nothing of the personal sentiments of their owners, were not more agreeable to hear than the rustle and murmur of sound which rose all over Dr. Marjoribanks's smooth lawn and pretty shrubbery. Here and there a group of the older people sat, like Lady Richmond and Mrs. Chiley, listening with all their might; and all about them were clusters of girls and their natural attendants, arrested in their progress, and standing still, breathless, "just for this bar," as young people pause in their walks and talks to listen to a chance nightingale. And, to be sure, whenever anybody was tired of the music, there were quantities of corners to retire into, not to speak of that bright spot full of yellow light under the lime-tree. "Nobody but Lucilla ever could have thought of anything so delicious," somebody said, with an enthusiasm of enjoyment. Most likely the speaker was very young, or else very happy, and had no temptation to be moderate in her words; but anyhow the sentiment circulated through the assembly, and gained everywhere a certain acquiescence. And then the two singers up-stairs gave so much scope to curiosity. "Do you think they are all by themselves?" Lydia Brown was heard to ask, with a little natural anxiety; and then

the livelier imaginations among the party set to work to invent impossible tortures which the soprano might inflict on the contralto. But, to tell the truth, the two singers were by no means alone. Half the gentlemen of the dinner-party who were past the sentimental age, and did not care about moonlight, had gone up-stairs according to their use and wont, and remained there, finding, to their great satisfaction, room to move about, and comfortable chairs to sit down in. They sat and chatted in the corners in great content and good-humour, while Lucilla and Barbara executed the most charming duets. Now and then old Colonel Chiley paused to put his two hands softly together and cry "Brava!" but on the whole the gentlemen were not much disturbed by the music. And then there were a few ladies, who were subject to neuralgia, or apt to take bad colds in the head, who preferred being up-stairs. So that if Lucilla had meant to pinch or maltreat her rival, circumstances would have made it impossible. Miss Marjoribanks did nothing to Barbara, except incite her to sing her very best; but no doubt she was the means of inflicting considerable pain on Mr. Cavendish, who stood at a little distance, and looked and listened to both, and perhaps had inward doubts as to the wisdom of his choice. Such was the arrangement of the personages of the social drama, and it was in this way that everybody was occupied, when the event occurred which at a later period awoke so much excitement in Carlingford, and had so much influence upon the future fate of some of the individuals whose history is here recorded. Everything was as calm and cheerful and agreeable as if Carlingford had been a social paradise, and Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room the seventh heaven of terrestrial harmony. The sky itself was not more peaceful, nor gave less indication of any tempest than did the tranquil atmosphere below, where all the people knew each other, and everybody was friendly. Lucilla had just risen from the piano, and there was a little pause, in which cheers were audible from the garden, and Colonel Chiley, in the midst of his conversation, patted his two hands together; and it was just at that moment that the drawing-room door opened, and Thomas came in, followed by a gentleman. The gentleman was a stranger, whom Miss Marjoribanks had never seen before, and she made a step forward, as was her duty as mistress of the house. But when she had made that one step, Lucilla suddenly stood still, arrested by something more urgent than the arrival of a stranger. Mr.



that moment of all others to show her power, and made an appeal to Mr. Cavendish and his taste in music, to which the unhappy man made no response. Miss Marjoribanks saw there was no time to lose. With a fearless hand she threw down a great portfolio of music which happened to be close to her, just at his feet, making a merciful disturbance. And then she turned and made her curtsy, and received the homage of Mr. Archdeacon Beverley, who had arrived a day before he was expected, and had come to look after his host, since his host had not been at home to receive him.

"Oh, no; it is only a portfolio. I can't think what could make me so awkward," said Miss Marjoribanks; "I suppose it was seeing some one come in whom I didn't know." And then the old gentleman, as was his duty, paid the Archdeacon a compliment on having made such a commotion. "We used to have the best of it in our day," said the old soldier; "but now your churchmen are the men." Miss Marjoribanks heard the door open again before this little speech was finished. It was Mr. Cavendish, who was going out with a long step, as if he with difficulty kept himself from running; and he never came back again to say good-night, or made any further appearance either out of doors or indoors. To be sure the Archdeacon made himself very agreeable, but then one man never quite makes up for another. Miss Marjoribanks said nothing about it, not even when Mrs. Woodburn came up to her with a scared face, and in full possession of her own identity, which of itself was an extraordinary fact, and proved that something had happened; but it would be vain to say that Lucilla was not much excited by this sudden gleam of mystery. It gave the Archdeacon an extraordinary and altogether unexpected attraction; and as for Mr. Cavendish, it was utterly inconceivable that a man in society, whom everybody knew about, should give way to such a panic. The question was, What did it mean?

# 506 ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—AN INCIDENT OF FORT WAGNER.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Rest, rest for him whose noble work is done;  
For him who led us gently unaware  
Till we were readier to do and dare  
For Freedom, and her hundred fields were won.

His march is ended where his march began:  
More sweet his sleep for toil and sacrifice,  
And that rare wisdom whose beginning lies  
In fear of God, and charity for man:

And sweetest for the tender faith that grew  
More strong in trial, and through doubt  
more clear,  
Seeing in clouds and darkness ONE appear  
In whose dread name the Nation's sword he  
drew.

Rest, rest for him; and rest for us to-day  
Whose sorrow shook the land from east to  
west,  
When, slain by Treason, on the Nation's  
breast  
Her martyr breathed his steadfast soul away.

O fervent heart! O cool and patient head!  
O shoulders broad to bear all others' blame!  
Mercy disguised herself beneath his name,  
While Justice through his lips like Pity plead.

His truth could snare the wiliest of the earth;  
His wit outweigh the ponderous debate;  
By sneers unvexed, in triumph unelate,  
He stood our chief in peace, our chief in worth.

Behold, O kingdoms of the world, behold  
O mighty powers beyond the swelling wave,  
How fast, as rain on his untitled grave,  
The tears of millions mingle with the mould!

Such love a prince might crave, such homage  
seek;  
The people's love that clothed him like a  
king,  
The grateful trust those hands were swift to  
bring  
Whose broken fetters of deliverance speak.

Four years ago unknown—to-day how dear!  
Four years that tried him with a century's  
strain;  
While Treason led his wretched hosts in vain,  
And turned assassin when his doom was near.

Four little years whose space a thought may  
span;  
A niche in Time's vast hall where he doth  
stand,  
To win applause in every age and land,  
"The noblest work of God—an HONEST  
MAN."

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

Portsmouth, N. H., May, 1865.

## AN INCIDENT OF FORT WAGNER.

Fort Wagner! that is a place for us  
To remember well, my lad!  
For us, who were under the guns, and knew  
The bloody work we had.

That was the spot where our gallant Shaw  
Was left among the dead,  
"Buried under his niggers;" so  
The foul-mouthed traitors said.

I should not speak to one so young,  
Perhaps, as I do to you;  
But you are a soldier's son, my boy,  
And you know what soldiers do.

And when peace comes to our land again,  
And your father sits in his home,  
You will hear such tales of war as this  
For many a year to come.

We were repulsed from the Fort, you know,  
And saw our heroes fall,  
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps  
Under the frowning wall.

Yet crushed as we were, and beaten back,  
Our spirits never bowed;  
And gallant deeds that day were done  
To make a soldier proud.

Brave men were there, for their country's sake  
To spend their latest breath;  
But the bravest was one who gave his life  
And his body after death.

No greater words than his dying ones  
Have been spoken under the sun;  
Not even his who brought the news  
On the field at Ratisbon.

I was pressing up, to try if yet  
Our men might take the place;  
And my feet had slipped in his oozing blood,  
Before I saw his face.

His face! it was black as the skies o'erhead  
With the smoke of the angry guns;  
And a gash in his bosom showed the work  
Of our country's traitor sons.

"Your pardon, my poor boy!" I said  
"I did not see you here;  
But I will not hurt you as I pass;  
I'll have a care; no fear!"

He smiled: he had only strength to say  
These words, and that was all,—  
"I'm done gone, massa; step on me,  
And you can scale the wall!"

PHOEBE CARY.

Transcript. N. Y. Evening Post.

From the Saturday Review, 13th May.

## ITALY.

THE negotiations between M. VEGEZZI and the Vatican, whether finally interrupted or only adjourned, seem to have been confined to the subject of the vacant Italian sees. The question, however, cannot be deemed purely spiritual, any more than the excommunication of the King of ITALY was a mere matter of ecclesiastical discipline. The religious thunderbolts of the Holy See are meant to produce, and do produce, political effects; and the Church of Rome has been learning latterly that some of the political consequences of any rupture with Italy will in future recoil upon her own head. This is more than the POPE bargained for. Two hundred vacant bishoprics are, in truth, the backwater of the war of excommunication. In attacking the chief of a constitutional Government, Rome has indirectly been banishing her own agents from Italian territory. These are not the days of HILDEBRAND. The Church is still a powerful, but has ceased to be a dominant, element in civilized Europe. She suffers as much damage as she inflicts from a breach with a free and independent people. The attitude of a Roman patriot in the days of AUGUSTUS has been wittily and happily characterized by a recent French writer. Like LABIENUS, the POPE may be said to have been sitting still and watching the popular stream pass. At last he has seen with pious horror his own bishops floating sorrowfully down on the top of the remorseless current, and this grim spectacle has roused him from a posture of patient contemplation. The Pontifical letter to VICTOR EMMANUEL is an indirect acknowledgment that excommunications cut two ways. The schoolmaster who threatened his unruly boys that, unless they were quiet, he would at once leave the room, probably discovered, like the POPE, that such menaces are only useful when addressed to very exceptional natures. Melancholy as is the hypothesis, it seems just possible that Italians might get on without Roman Catholic bishops. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly certain that neither bishops nor schoolmasters can get on without their respective flocks. The sight of sheep without shepherds justly moved the pity of the sacred prophet, but the picture of shepherds without sheep would appear even more lamentable still. It was hardly to be expected, in the present temper of the Vatican or of the Italian nation, that M. VEGEZZI would even approach the subject of a

complete reconciliation between Italy and Rome; but the fact of any negotiation at all is valuable as proving that an estrangement which costs the Italians something, costs the Church of Rome even more. The true wonder is that the Vatican should at last have seen what the politicians of Europe have been for years remarking. The POPE's Kingdom may or may not be of this world, but at all events his usual diplomacy deserves the credit of being unworldly in the extreme. It has hitherto, consisted in provoking ruptures, the chief burden of which falls upon himself, and in rejecting all compromise until the hour for compromising has altogether passed. That HIS HOLINESS, in his recent overtures to the King of ITALY, has departed for a while from his ordinary rules to embark on a more salutary course must be ascribed rather to the pious anxiety of the man than to the profound experience of the politician. The happy and perhaps fleeting design is a movement, not of his head, but of his heart.

If, in spite of the evident wishes of the Holy See and of the King of ITALY to come to some mutual understanding, M. VEGEZZI's mission were to have failed, Europe could hardly feel surprised. All political transactions with the Vatican must from their very nature be difficult, and liable to sudden and unforeseen checks. Important as it was at the beginning of the century for the Papacy to accept the overtures of France, the FIRST CONSUL had less trouble even in settling the Peace of Amiens than in conducting the Concordat of 1801 to a successful conclusion. The official despatches of the French representative at Rome to the FIRST NAPOLEON repeatedly remind the French Executive that it is treating with diplomatists totally unlike the rest of their species. Obstinate, and yet withal timid in the extreme—subtle and casuistical, yet unworldly in many respects beyond all calculation—the advisers of the Vatican alternately attracted the FIRST CONSUL by their simplicity, and irritated him by their littleness. He surmounted the mass of difficulties partly by cajolery, partly by cozening the excellent Pontiff of the day, but to the very last no one could be sure that the Vatican, after all its substantial concessions, would not break off everything for the sake of the splitting of some controversial hair. There is no reason to think that the character of the Court of Rome has materially altered in the last sixty years. The ground across, which any diplomatist who proposes to negotiate must march, is full of hidden pitfalls which none but the eyes of a Catho-

lic casuist can see. While a Liberal Government is occupied with practical arrangements, the Vatican is taken up with the assertion of speculative first principles, the wording of abstract propositions, and a consideration of all the logical consequences of even remote details. The political results of a concession interest Rome less than the speculative deductions that may be drawn from it. Such a tendency is the natural product of a political system which take less note of the great progress of human events than it does of metaphysical niceties, and whose one notion of diplomacy consists in trying to work on the weaknesses of individual minds. This is a fair description of the politicians with whom M. VEGEZZI and his employers have to deal, and if his efforts have been unavailing no one has a right to be astonished. If, on the other hand, he has been successful, every inch of ground gained becomes all the more important. He has been treating with metaphysicians, and has a right to the moral advantage of every single logical inference that can be deduced from every compromise to which they have assented. The POPE's nomination of bishops in the States which formerly belonged either to the BOURBONS or to the Church, however qualified by verbal reservations of principles or rights, virtually amounts to a recognition of the *status quo*. The opposition of the extreme Catholic party at Rome to the negotiation which HIS HOLINESS himself has wooed may be imputed to their cold calculation of all those consequences which the kindly piety of PRO NONO led him unconsciously to overlook. Yet, on the whole, the unsophisticated impulses of PRO NONO are wiser than the more worldly cunning of the would-be statesmen that surround and rule him. Sooner or later, in its controversy with Italy, the Papacy must yield; and another generation of priests and Jesuits must submit to concessions which the present generation refuses obstinately to discount. No one who observes the tendency of Italian legislation can fail to see how much Rome is on the eve of losing. Nothing can save even a substantial portion of the interests of the Church but a Concordat with the Italian Government. The parable of the Sibyl, which has been flung so often in the teeth of European Governments, may once more be called upon to do service for the benefit of the Church of Rome. In Piedmont, and in Umbria, Catholicism during the last ten years has lost what it never will regain. One more year of estrangement and rupture, and Naples and Sicily will be placed on a legislative level with the old

Kingdom of Piedmont. That M. VEGEZZI should succeed is probably the serious wish of the Italian Government, but that his efforts should be only a prelude to a regular and thorough pacification ought to be the anxious prayer of every wise Catholic in Europe.

From the London Review.

#### FRENCH SOCIETY.

THE present tone and tendency of French society cannot be regarded with indifference, or without serious alarm, even on this side of the Channel. In these days of rapid communication and constant international intercourse, fashions, both good and bad—fashions in morals as well as those in dress—rapidly pass from one country to another. If Paris be diseased the infection soon spreads to London. Vice rampant and shameless in one capital will not long court obscurity in the other. Now, it cannot have escaped the most careless readers of the newspapers that an evil which has for some time existed in Parisian society has of late become painfully prominent. There is a class of persons which we know does exist, and probably will continue to exist, in all large capitals, but whose existence is, nevertheless, a matter of shame and regret. Our blunt forefathers used to describe it by terms which we dare not now venture to use. The fastidious delicacy of modern times will not endure to hear a spade called simply a spade. But whether we use the old Anglo-Saxon names, or resort to the more refined appellations which we have imported from abroad, the thing is the same. Its nature is not altered by being called *demi-monde* or *traviata*. It is essentially the same in the gilded saloon as in the dirty slum. On any decent theory of morals it is an outrage; from any tolerably sound society it should be an outcast. But in Paris at the present time it is exactly the reverse. This class of women is now one of the most influential in that capital, and in no slight degree leads and moulds the taste of high society, such as it is, under the Second Empire. During the past month the "Jockey Club" gave a ball at one of the principal restaurants in Paris to all the beauty and talent of "Bohemia;" and every one knows what the female inhabitants of "Bohemia" are like. A few days ago a writer in one of our contemporaries, which is in an especial manner an authority



upon subjects of the kind, favored us with a glowing account of a *fête* at a certain Mdle. C——'s ("the Aspasia of Paris life"). He commenced by telling us that the *demi-monde* ladies now issue invitations for a ball or *fête* exactly after the fashion of ladies of the court, and that there is nothing to be found in the hotels of the *grandes dames* which the "half-great lady" does not imitate. He described the magnificence of the dresses and of the decorations; the sumptuousness of the entertainment; the bold pretensions of these not equivocal ladies to introduce a startling innovation into female dress; the manner in which the honors were done "with clever imitative grace and elegance" by the hostess; and he wound up by assuring us that her saloons were "crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts—in fact, with the same male company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich "and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys." "Some English peers and members of Parliament were present," and it is asserted "seemed to enjoy the dazzlingly improper scene." From another paragraph we learn that, at one of the most fashionable houses in the Faubourg St. Germain, the guests were lately regaled by the performances of a girl who has acquired notoriety as a singer of improper songs at a well-known *café chantant*. We had previously heard with astonishment and disgust that ladies of the highest rank had condescended to take lessons from a celebrity of the casinos, named Rigolboche; and we know that for some time past there have been no more fashionable lounges in Paris than the auctions at which the effects of some spendthrift and insolvent member of the *demi-monde* have put up for sale. Women, of conventionally good reputation, have eagerly seized an opportunity of prying into mysteries which should be revolting to the modesty of their sex; nor have they disdained to visit the haunts of vice in order to indulge a morbid curiosity, or to gather from the equipment of courtezans some hints in the art of fascination. All this is matter of public notoriety. We have no need to resort to private gossip in order to fill up the outline. Any one at all familiar with the scandal of the French capital will bear us out in the assertion, that further inquiry would not improve the aspect of the case. We do not at all desire to overstate this matter. We do not think that the French people, as a body, are given up to immorality, or have lost all their respect for female virtue. On the contrary, we are

quite willing to believe that the middle and working-classes are not inferior in this respect to those of any other country. But we fear it cannot be denied that the upper classes are seriously corrupted. Since the days of the lower Empire, women who are not only vicious, but profess vice, have never taken so prominent and so avowed a position in any country. We seem to have drifted back to days—and those not the best days—of classical paganism. For can we regard without serious misgivings this ostentatious defiance of decency by those who occupy the most conspicuous positions in the country, and whose influence must ultimately descend through the classes below them? Private immorality is, no doubt, deeply to be deplored; but it does not threaten the well-being of society to anything like the same extent, or even in the same way, as public immorality. The homage which vice pays to virtue, by hanging its head and hiding itself away in obscure retreats, may be hypocritical, but it has, nevertheless, a real value. So long as this tribute is paid, although the practice of society may be seriously tainted, the principles on which society rests, and by adhering to which its healthiness can alone be preserved, are saved from attack. A basis for improvement is left; there is something to which those who desire to reform their age can appeal with confidence and without fear of controversy. When, however, vice attains such dimensions, and its followers such power, that concealment is no longer sought—when the ladies of the *demi-monde* and their followers take their places unmolested by the side of the ladies of the *monde*—it is pretty certain that new, startling, and destructive theories nearly touching some of the best and holiest relations of life must soon grow up and obtain acceptance. Or, if the old theories are left, they will be deprived of all vitality and efficacy by the absence of any social sanction. Few persons in England will deny that the soundness of national life depends ultimately upon the purity of family life. It is in the family and through the family that the virtues of a good citizen are bred and sustained. From it men imbibed more than from anything else a sense of duty, a readiness for self-sacrifice, a disposition to prefer the future and the permanent to the present and the fleeting. In it we contract the habits and become alive to the wants which make us members of society instead of mere items in a mass. We can think of no worse misfortune that

could befall a nation than a general relaxation of family ties. With that misfortune, however, France seems to be seriously, although it may be remotely, threatened from the quarter to which we have alluded.

It is idle to expect that the family can exist, in any true sense of the word, where there is not a stern and inexorable standard of female virtue. But how can such a standard—or any approach to such a standard—be maintained in a society where such things are possible as those we have mentioned? The wives and daughters of the princes, dukes, and counts who publicly haunt the *salons* of Middle C—, are not likely to set much value upon qualities whose absence is found so attractive by their male relations. Nay, as we have already said, they have actually drawn this deduction; for they have learned to copy the manners of their rivals, and from copying manners to copying morals is a short and easy step. If we could flatter ourselves that the evil would not spread, we should hardly think it worth while to call attention to it. It is not, perhaps, of much importance what becomes of “the upper ten thousand” of Paris. But such an example must affect the classes below them—must stimulate imitation in every great town in France, and even produce some effect upon English society. Indeed, we cannot help seeing that it has done so. “Good society” in London has already got the length of knowing a great many things of which it had better be ignorant. Our newspapers do not publish florid descriptions of Anonyma’s *fêtes*; but even our women do not and cannot well ignore Anonyma as they used to do. It is impossible that they should when our men ride with her in the park, and appear in her box at the opera. There are unmistakable signs of tendency towards the point which the higher classes in Paris seem to have reached. It is therefore high time that the danger should not be ignored, but that those who possess influence should rebuke and discountenance that open coquetry with vice of which we see too much. The English sore is not very deep, and it may easily be prevented from penetrating further. The patient has a good constitution, and there are many circumstances in favour of his recovery. But the case is very different in France. The evil is not a new one there. It has been, first slowly, and then quickly, growing and spreading for the last thirty or forty years at least. It had attained a great height in the reign of Louis Philippe, as all readers of Balzac’s

novels must be quite aware. Its roots are deeply thrust down into the social soil, upon which they have a wide and tenacious grasp. Although the Empire cannot therefore be charged with creating this evil, it greatly accelerated the monstrous development which we now witness. For it has made men rich without giving them anything except pleasure on which to spend their wealth. Under a despotism the rich are pretty certain to be either profligate or rebellious. Under a despotism, following upon a period of revolution, they are almost equally certain to be the former rather than the latter. So long as France is deprived of freedom, we see no reason to anticipate any improvement in the morality of the higher and moneyed classes. On the other hand, so long as the higher and moneyed classes are what they are, it is not likely that they will make any effort to obtain a rational and moderate liberty. They will be satisfied if they are only protected and let alone. But if they do not grow better, they are sure to grow worse; and they are sure to infect those below them. Middle-aged artisans—husbands and fathers of families—may now pelt the *lorettes*, as they did one day on the racecourse. The generation which is growing up will not have so savage a virtue. They may hate the wealthy, who have pleasures which they cannot obtain, but they will envy and imitate them nevertheless.

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From the Saturday Review.

#### ENGLISH WRITERS BEFORE CHAUCER.\*

MR. MORLEY’S volume looks, at first sight, a formidable addition to the existing mass of English writings after Chaucer; but it is well worth reading. It comprises the foundation and ground story, so to speak, of a work upon the whole sequence of English literature, planned for completion in three volumes, each of which is also to form an independent and separately-indexed book. The undertaker of such an enterprise must be a bold man if he can say that nothing shall force or tempt him out of the limits of his plan. If carried out with the same spirit and on the same scale as the volume already published, the complete work will undoubtedly form a valuable contribution towards the story of the growth of the literary mind of England, told as a national biography of

\* *English Writers before Chaucer*. By Henry Morley. London: Chapman & Hall.

continuous interest. The portion now before us gives a general introductory sketch of the several periods into which English literature may be divided with reference to the dominant influences successively moulding its character and form, and a detailed account of the writers of the first period, or those before Chaucer. The researches of Anglo-Saxon scholars mainly within our own times, the publications of various literary societies — often, as Mr. Morley remarks, containing “the fruit of a life’s study in an unassuming preface that obtains only the honour due to it from a too small circle of experts” — and the re-issue of old chronicles and memorials of English history under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, have combined in producing a mass of material for digestion into a coherent narrative of our literary growth in that period, to which earlier compilers had no such easy access.

The several periods into which this growth may be divided are enumerated by Mr. Morley as follows: — 1. The formation of the language, ending with Chaucer. 2. The period of Italian influence felt even in Chaucer’s day. 3. That of French influence, of which the beginning is marked by a change in the style of Dryden. 4. That of English popular influence, dating from Defoe, and slightly tinged by German influence as the literature of Germany developed its strength in a cognate language. It would indeed be pedantic to draw the dividing line between any consecutive periods too sharply. Foreign literary influence is felt before it can be seen, and it must be felt still longer before it can be recognized as reproducing in any indistinct shape the peculiarities of the influencing literature. It is only when the chords of a changing piece of music thoroughly gathered themselves up into accordance with a fresh key that we can say what is the newly dominant note. For the purposes, however, of convenient classification, Mr. Morley’s general scheme of four periods is as useful as it is substantially founded on truth. But, under every change of taste, thought, and style brought about by the influence of historical events, personal character or caprice, or apparently simple chance, the characteristic English mind is to be seen by Mr. Morley and those who will look with him, “underlying through all generations for more than a thousand years the most distinct diversities of manner.” If it were not so, Mr. Morley’s field of study would be less important and less satisfactory than it is, even though his work were enriched, as at present, with an

infinity of interesting literary and philological detail.

In these days, when almost everybody can write more or less well, and get more or less well paid for his writing, and when the distress of English literary merit is relieved by the special machinery of a Royal Literary Fund, it is curiously interesting to go back in thought with Mr. Morley to the conditions under which English writing took its earliest forms. The limited constitutional monarchy of which we are the contented subjects is not more unlike the rule of a British or Saxon chief than the social and literary relations of a modern English author are to those of an ancient bard. A Court Laureate now-a-days is crowned with bays, and provided with sack, because he has achieved the profitable success of persuading the critics and the people that he is the greatest poet of the day. The gleeman or Scóp who sang before a Pagan chieftain had no popular or critical taste to appeal to, and was practically restricted to the topics of a victorious prowess, or a princely munificence, that would please his sovereign patron. The singing of Taliesin would have resulted in nothing but starvation if it had not pleased “Urien who thrusts” — “Urien who conquers” — “Urien who shouts” — “Urien the provider of wine, and meal and mead.” The whole basis of his literary inspiration is honestly stated in the opening of one of his songs: —

The broad spoils of the spear, reward my song,  
Delivered before the bright smiling hero. The  
most resolute of chieftains is Urien. No peaceful  
trafficker is he: Clamorous, loud-shouting,  
shrill, mighty, and highly exalted. Eagle of the  
land, very keen is thy sight. I have made a re-  
quest for a mettled steed, The price of the spoils  
of Taliesin.

Nor was the chieftain exempt from the changeable caprices of a modern public, nor was his fickleness of taste less ruinous to the needy poet. The “Lament of Deor” runs as follows: —

A sorrowing one sits deprived of happiness: in his mind it grows dark: he thinks to himself that his share of woes is endless. That I will say of myself, that I was for a while the Scóp of the Heodenings, dear to my lord. Deor was my name. I had a good following, a faithful lord, for many winters: until that now Heorrenda, a song-crafty man, has obtained the landright, which the refuge of warriors gave to me before.

Mr. Morley remarks that in the great

Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, to which in its present form he assigns the date of the seventh or eighth century at latest, there are not more than five similes in six thousand lines. The *Nibelungen Lied* is open to the same criticism. The mind of the Saxon, as of the old German, marched, as Mr. Morley says, straight towards its purpose, and spoke plainly. The thoroughgoing earnestness which marked alike the deeds of the warrior and the words of his singer grew into a richer fruit when the conversion of Britain to Christianity had provided another refuge and a fresh encouragement for literary aspirations, away from the mead hall and rude court of the military patron. The Church took the deeper themes for poetry into her own hands. In the monastery of Whitby, the practice introduced by the Abbess Hilda of teaching the unlettered masses through Scriptural paraphrases, in short, strongly marked verse, blossomed out speedily into the grand Biblical poem of *Cædmon*. Whether *Cædmon* was a man or a myth (a question which occupied and puzzled Sir Francis Palgrave) it is out of our province in these columns to discuss. Mr. Morley gives reasonable grounds for suspecting that the poem which was recovered in MS. by Archbishop Usher, and first printed as *Cædmon's* at Amsterdam in 1655, was familiar to Milton at the time of the composition of *Paradise Lost*. That some poet in the Whitby monastery, during the seventh century, sang of earth's creation and the origin of the human race, the history of Genesis and Exodus, and other Scriptural topics, is clear from the testimony of the Venerable Bede, who wrote within sixty years of the alleged death of the poet whose works he describes, and whom he calls *Cædmon*. The recovery of the manuscript poem corresponding to Bede's description, and intrinsically worthy of the reverence it appears to have won from its contemporaries, justifies us in believing in the existence of a *Cædmon*, at least as fully as the fact of the *Iliad* tends to prove the existence of a Homer. Whether his actual name were *Cædmon* or not may as well remain an open question, as whether his conception of Satan be not to the full as strong and picturesque as Milton's. The spirit which inspired the conception was at the least as earnest and reverently practical a zeal.

No analysis which could be compressed within our allotted space would give a fair consecutive summary of Mr. Morley's industriously compiled and well-written history. Glancing from the times of *Cædmon* and Bede to those of Henry II., we find in the

portrait of Giraldu Cambrensis a noble specimen of the Church literary and militant. As Archdeacon of Brecon, in the see of St. David's, he bearded, while still young, the Bishop of St. Asaph on the question of a church claimed by either diocese, and successfully opposed force to force and excommunication to excommunication, till the intrusive bishop fled from the field. Nominated by the Chapter of St. David's as bishop on two successive vacancies, he travelled on the second occasion as a pedlar to Rome for consecration at the hands of the Pope, in defiance of the will of his temporal sovereign. His undoubted love for earnest and honest work, whether of the hand or the pen, is humorously illustrated by a quotation given in this volume from his *Welch Itinerary*, showing his antipathy and contempt for Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history of the Britons:—

There was in our time (says Gerald, who is going to knock down fiction with fact), a Welchman at Caerleon named Melerius, who, having always an extraordinary familiarity with unclean spirits, by seeing them, knowing them, talking with them, and calling each by his proper name, was enabled through their assistance to foretell future events. He knew when any one spoke falsely in his presence, for he saw the devil, as it were, leaping and exulting on the tongue of the liar. If the evil spirits oppressed him too much, the Gospel of St. John was placed on his bosom, when, like birds, they immediately vanished; but when that book was removed, and the *History of the Britons*, by Geoffrey Arthur, was substituted in its place, they instantly reappeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time than usual on his body and on the book.

A high and broad common sense, and a strong distaste for obvious falsehood, were in Gerald de Barri not incompatible with honest superstition of this kind. Towards the end of his life he expressed regret that he had written in Latin only, which was likely to confine the knowledge of his works to ecclesiastical readers; but it is illustrative of the time that he should have wished to be translated, not into English, but French. Yet the Latin of Giraldu, as well as that of his friend Walter Map, or Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, might well fall under some analogous descriptions to that of "vigorous continental English" which so well characterizes the Duke of Wellington's French despatches. The English mind shone through the foreign medium. Mr. Morley considers Walter Map as the highest literary genius, as well as one of the most practical ecclesiastical reformers, of England prior to Chaucer.



An active and devout Churchman himself, he was also one of the most brilliant and bitter satirists of Church corruption and of monastic greediness and hypocrisy. Mr. Morley quotes a curious passage of arms between him and a neighbouring Abbot of Cistercian Benedictines, an order which had won his especial aversion. The Abbot was said to be very ill, whereupon Map visited him as a priest, and

Begged him, for the good of his soul, to put off the Cistercian habit. He should prepare for heaven, by abandoning the badge of guile and rapacity. The monk got well, and had his revenge. Map in his turn fell sick, and the Abbot came to give him spiritual consolation. He bade the Archdeacon repent of all his lively jokes and clever tales, because for every idle word he would have an account to give, admonishing him also to resign the churches and prebends that he held in different bishoprics, seeing that he was only able to do duty in one, and to secure certain salvation by putting on the Cistercian habit. Whereupon Map summoned all his household into the room, and solemnly bade them claim him as a lunatic if ever in the course of his illness he should be so far gone as to ask to be made a Cistercian. Then he turned good-humouredly to the Abbot and begged him not to come unbidden upon that errand again.

The Abbot might very well have replied, with a courteous *tu quoque*, that no more did he require the unbidden exhortations of Map upon any future occasion.

By a remarkable instance of the caprice of fame, the writer who compiled the "Quest of the San Greal" and conceived the character of Sir Galahad is far more popularly known as the author of the universally favourite drinking-song:—

*Meum est propositum in tabernâ mori ;*

which, by a still older inversion of the facts, is much more generally supposed to represent the cynical joviality of Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford, than understood to form part of a pungent satire upon an imaginary Bishop Goliath, whose character, in Map's eyes, united all the typical vices of Church corruption in his own times. It is as though readers of the liberal Tuscan poet Giusti should identify him with the confession of political faith which he puts into the mouth of his weathercock *Girella*, or his ideal scoundrel *Gingillino*.

Pointing to the vigour of the Welsh intellect during the first two centuries after the Conquest, exemplified in Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gerald de Barri, Walter Map, Ordericus Vitalis, Layamon, and the Prince of

Powys, Mr. Morley remarks that, after the subjugation of Wales by Edward I., this intellectual energy ceased to exhibit itself so strongly. The field for an active and independent patriotism had been narrowed, by the acceptance of a foreign prince, into a small area for passive provincial vanity. We must turn north, to the land which still enjoyed what she had won at Bannockburn, to read so sterling and ringing a hymn to liberty as the famous lines from Barbour's *Bruce*:—

A ! Fredome is a noble thing !  
Fredome mayss man to haiff liking :  
Fredome all solace to man giffis :  
He levys at ese that frely levys !  
A noble hart may haiff nane ese  
Na ellis nocht that may him plesse,  
Gyff Fredome faillyhe ; for fre liking  
Is yharnt (yearned for) our all othir thing.

While Barbour was writing his *Bruce* in Scotland, the *Vision of Piers Plowman* by Langland and Wiclif's translation of the Bible were the most legible and important signs of the strength and fervour with which the freedom and simplicity of English thought were struggling to find or form a fitting language for their full expression ; and from Langland and Wiclif the story of English literature passes straight to the great name which closes Mr. Morley's first volume—Geoffrey Chaucer.

From St. James' Magazine.

#### LEFT WELL OFF.

THIS is a story of deep and seemingly successful guilt ; but that, in making it public, we are chargeable with rendering crime less repulsive let none assert, until they have read it to the ending.

Among the wild but significant legends of Scandinavia there is a tradition of a *witch* who kept all around her in ruin and desolation, only by sitting in a certain fixed posture. I recall this legend whenever I think of old Mrs. Ainsworth. Mrs. Ainsworth, like that witch of the north, blighted the whole neighbourhood, of which she was the chief proprietor, by the posture in which *she* chose to sit—I mean, with her hand tightly clutched over her pocket.

The best part of her estates were in a manufacturing town, and their tenants willing to charge themselves with all necessary repairs, so that, shortsighted as her frugality may be deemed, her niggardly way of living made her extremely rich.

A word or two on the circumstances under which Darwen Hall, where she resided, together with the other property, had first come into her possession.

Her husband, William Ainsworth, had been the younger of two brothers. Christopher, the elder, had inherited a small estate in Lancashire. William had been left entirely penniless; but Christopher had insisted on giving him the half of what had fallen to himself. Both the brothers embarked in the cotton trade. Christopher was unlucky and lost his all; but William, thanks to the discovery of coal on the property his brother had resigned to him, grew, in no long time, to be a wealthy, very wealthy, manufacturer and proprietor. He was not over-mindful of his ruined brother. But when that brother lay dying, while still a young man, with an only child to leave behind him, William was really sorry that he should have received so much and returned so little, and he told his brother (whose wife had preceded him to the grave) to have no fear for the future of the boy. "*Of course,*" he said, "Richard's welfare would be his chief concern as long as he lived, and at his death he should leave him heir to the whole of his fortune."

All which he fully intended to do; but William Ainsworth was one whose intentions of to-day were but sorry guides to his performances of the morrow. Richard, when thus left by his father, was just thirteen years of age, and his uncle was a bachelor little over forty. At the age of fifty, Mr. William Ainsworth rewarded his housekeeper for her long years of service by giving her—his hand.

I do not think the marriage very much increased his happiness. She kept him in a bondage, which grew in rigour as he grew feebler and feebler in health. But the crowning folly and wrong of William Ainsworth was the very last act of his life. By his will he bequeathed his large property to Mrs. Ainsworth herself. It is, however, due to him to say, that he first obtained from her a solemn promise that all the wealth he now left her should, by herself, be left to Richard at her own decease. "If you only leave it to me for life," she said, "he'll spend it before he has got it, you know."

But it is due also to her to say, that within a week after her husband's funeral, she had made and executed a will in strict accordance with his instructions. So poor William Ainsworth had gone to his grave, trying to fancy that he had gratified the wife he so greatly feared, at the cost of no

injustice to the nephew, whose claims upon him were so strong. His nephew, you may be sure, took no such view of the affair. Richard was about completing the really excellent education his uncle had given him; and, just when he needed money to start him in the world, he found himself virtually disinherited almost. Whether he would at any time touch a sixpence of the wealth he had been trained to expect depended on the good faith of the mean and sordid woman whom his uncle had so unrighteously favoured before him. Granting that she might be trusted to observe her solemn engagement, who could tell into what hands she might fall, should her faculties diminish as years increased upon her? At the very best, she was but six-and-fifty years old, and twenty, or even thirty years might elapse ere her death made room for her heir.

That he could expect nothing from her as long as she remained alive, Mrs. Ainsworth took an early opportunity of hinting in the most decisive manner she could. When, in spite of this rude intimation, he ventured to tell her that his uncle would surely have aided him, now that he was beginning to read for the bar, he got a reply from his uncle's widow, warning him, that though she had kept, and desired still to keep, her promise of leaving him all at her death, still, if, not satisfied with his excellent prospects, he persisted in making demands for the present, she should feel it her duty to consider whether his uncle would really have wished his money to go to a person so very likely to squander it away. Poor Richard never again hazarded his future in so hopeless an enterprise as an appeal to the pity or justice of his aunt.

Only just before his marriage—for in spite of his poverty he married at six-and-twenty—he wrote informing her of the step contemplated by him, but with no satisfactory result.

Had he set himself resolutely to battle against misfortune, and, since wealth for the present had eluded his grasp, to show that he could do without it, he might even have come to exult in the cruel disappointment of his youth, and it might never have fallen to my lot to write the dark story of his actual life. But he was hardly of a stomach to face and defy the obstacles to a poor man's advancement. And ever present was the knowledge, that any day *might* put to the lips the golden draught which for the present eluded him, like water the thirsty Tantalus. Any morning might bring him the news that Mrs. Ainsworth was dead, and

himself translated, as from a waste wilderness, into a land overflowing with milk and honey.

But no such day came, and Richard Ainsworth dragged on a weary life, kept from absolute ruin by the small income which came with his wife, and by one or two little legacies which dropped in from his relations on the side of his mother. His uncle Tackaway, an ex-captain in the merchant service, left him a few hundred pounds, and a few rarities collected by him from different regions he had visited in his sailor's career. Most of them went to ornament the parlour of Richard's house in the New Kent Road — for to that transpontine locality did his straitened circumstances confine him. But Captain Tackaway's cabinet had held one curiosity which, as he once told Richard while alive, he would not have bequeathed save to a thoroughly honest man. It was a colourless gum, prepared from the juice of some South American shrub, and well known to the Indian tribes of a certain region. Whether on the tips of their darts and arrows, or dissolved in drink, it was alike undiscoverable in its traces, and fatal in its effects. The few Europeans who were acquainted with it were very backward, considering the wicked uses which might be made of it, in extending that knowledge to any one besides.

Richard locked the perilous treasure carefully away, and it slumbered, harmless enough, for I know not how long a period.

I dare say many whom nothing would tempt to commit a crime might feel a vague sense of triumph at having so fearful a power in their hands. And such, I believe, was the nearest approach to evil its possession excited in Richard's thoughts.

He had now, for some years, had no reminder — no, not so much as a formal note — of his detested aunt's existence; and poverty, never distant from his door, now threatened to take permanent possession of his house. It happened that one of his old Cambridge friends undertook, once upon a time, the temporary curacy of the village near which Mrs. Ainsworth resided.

This enabled Richard to gather a few confidential particulars as to Mrs. Ainsworth's manner of life, and other such things; whether her behaviour indicated any softening of disposition as she grew older; whether any symptoms portended that her life would soon reach its termination; and other matters of a similar kind. The curate, who knew why these questions were interesting to his friend, though he knew not how present poverty intensified

their interest, wrote back a lively and minute account of such matters as he had been able to collect.

Mrs. Ainsworth grew meaner as she grew older.

Some said her health was precarious; but nothing apparently forbade her living for several years to come. (She was only sixty-seven now.) In spite of her desperate love of money, she took some care of her life. "Every Saturday afternoon," wrote Richard's correspondent, taking him at his word, and giving minutely all he could tell, — "every Saturday afternoon Druggery makes up for her a small bottle of quinine draught, with which, I suppose, she braces herself up for the devotions of Sunday. Any time between two and five on Saturday you may see the little round phial, wrapped in its blue paper, lying on the counter of the shop." A few other particulars were added, not material to the story.

It is seldom safe, and never agreeable, to profess to trace the rise and progress of an evil purpose. That Richard should meditate bitterly on the wealth, which was about as little enjoyed by its present owner as by himself, will be matter of surprise to no one.

He thought with increasing frequency of the fearful weapon which lay within his power. At one time, pressed by new difficulties, he would resolve to trust in Providence no more, but with his own hand to accomplish the event which would change the world altogether to him. Then again he would repel the temptation, and resolve that, lose what else he might, he would never part with his integrity. He would put the crime beyond his reach by destroying the deadly thing. But this intention he never carried into practice. And so, for months more, he went on, tossed to and fro between evil and good, his wife believing that his frequent fits of melancholy were only due to their cruel embarrassments, which now began to press on them with greater hardship than ever.

One morning, when the month of May was nearly half over, he told her that, ill as they could afford it, he must take a short excursion into the country, or he should very soon be as bankrupt in health as in wealth. Mrs. Richard, the most loving and unselfish of wives, cheerfully seconded the proposal. His demeanour for some time past had been afflicting her with horrible fears, lest, under the continued pressure of trouble, his reason might be giving way, and such a loss no future gifts of fortune could possibly repair. So she urged on the plan with every argument she could call to mind.

He was to go alone, and proposed to return within a very few days.

On the evening before his departure he rambled through different regions of London, making several purchases, and never buying more than one thing at any single shop.

He was to go to Matlock, and thence take a walking excursion into some of the choicest scenes of Derbyshire. He gave an assumed name at the Matlock hotel. There was little likelihood that at that part of the year he would meet any one who knew him. If he did, they would very plausibly set down his change of name to a well-grounded dread of pursuing creditors. One Saturday morning, having arrived the previous evening, he started off, equipped as for an excursion, and carrying a small carpet bag in his hand. He walked a good distance out of Matlock, in a northerly direction; then coming to a wood, through which lay a pathway, he prepared for his next proceeding. Ensnoring himself in a shelter of the trees, he unlocked his carpet bag, and took out of it the things he had brought from London. Among them were a coat and "wideawake," greatly differing from those with which he had walked out of Matlock. These he hastily assumed. Then he took out a black wig, a pair of black moustaches, and a pair of black eyebrows, placing each according to its proper destination. Then, with a mixture out of a bottle, he stained his face and hands, giving them the dark yellowish tint of a Spaniard or Italian. Then, closing the bag, he wrapped it in a large red handkerchief, and carried it as a bundle. The stick with which he had left the hotel he threw away, likewise the bottle he had been using. Then emerging from the wood by the gate at which he had entered, he walked until he reached, by a circuitous route, a station from which he could find his way into Lancashire; and—to make a short story there is no need for prolonging—one o'clock on that day found him entering the manufacturing village of Darwen. A mile or too off, but very little incommoded by the smoke of the tall chimneys, stood the Hall, which, had justice been done him, would long ago have been his home.

He took some refreshment at the "Black Bull;" and, shortly after two o'clock, walked quietly up the village, looking out for the apothecary, Mr. Druggery. He approached the window just as the man of medicine placed on his counter (visible from the street) a small phial wrapped up in blue paper.

Richard entered the shop at once.

"I have got a pain in my chest," he said; "will you mix me a little ginger and soda, or something of that sort?"

Mr Druggery suggested some additional ingredient, and turned round to the bottles which graced the wall behind him. While he did so, Richard hastily exchanged the phial on the counter for one of the same size, which he took out of his pocket—for he had brought with him *prepared* bottles of two or three different sizes, each containing a quinine mixture.

Then he complained of feeling faint and requiring air. He would, he said, return in a few minutes and take the draught, which could be mixed for him in the interval.

Taking in his pocket the phial he had removed from the counter, and which was addressed, "Mrs. Ainsworth, Darwen Hall; to be taken as before," he walked slowly towards a field which lay near, for one lengthy street constituted the entire village. When there, he stooped down, as if in pain, and (so carefully that one standing within a foot of him might not have detected the act) he poured on the ground the contents of the bottle he had taken, and refilled it from one of those he carried in his pocket. Then he returned to the shop, drank off the mixture which lay ready for him, and, watching his opportunity, restored to the counter the phial he had removed a few minutes before. The blue paper had not been sealed up, although even for that emergency he was not unprepared. So neatly and so carefully had he done the deadly work, that any suspicion of the thing was improbable in the last degree. Once more quitting the shop, he walked up the village in the direction of the Hall. So many years had elapsed since last Mrs. Ainsworth had seen him, that, disguised as he was, she would never detect him should he anywhere encounter her. His friend the curate had quitted Darwen some time before. He walked to the lodge gates of the house which might so soon be his, noted how the grass-grown walks bore witness to the niggardly spirit of the woman who barred him out of his rights. He thought, on that ever-memorable Saturday, *could* it be the will of Providence that she should any longer cumber the world—and him?

To remain all night in the neighbourhood was too hazardous a thing to be thought of. A stranger, unable to give any clear account of himself, stopping in a place with which he had no ascertainable connection, just when the neighbourhood is startled by the sudden death of its wealthiest inhabitant



—this were a coincidence far too striking to escape comment and inquiry. So, trusting that no accident would mar his plot—successful thus far—he quitted the village, reversed, when at a safe distance, the disguise process through which he had gone in the morning, and, without revisiting Matlock, returned to his home in time for church on Sunday morning.

We must now record one or two things which occurred at Darwen after his departure.

Early that evening Mrs. Ainsworth received, in obedience to her summons, a visit from her lawyer. He had ridden over from Chorley, a town about five miles away, and was now sitting at tea with her in the parlour, which looked out on a small, but very pretty park. But the poor woman had no eye for the beauties of nature. She made the tea, putting in a scanty allowance out of the caddy, but a liberal supply from a bottle containing carbonate of soda, the only bottle she did not keep under lock and key. Christie McTarnie, her Scotch servant, was buttering the bread beside her.

"Oh dear! not so much butter as *that*, Christie!" she sharply exclaimed—for Christie had erroneously believed that Mr. Deeply's presence would authorize a departure from the rigid economy of ordinary days,—"not so much butter as *that*! How you are wasting my property, to be sure! You know I never have it in that way; and I know Mr. Deeply likes his bread as I do—rather dry."

The lawyer, who had a decided weakness in favour of hot buttered cakes and kindred delicacies, gave a ghastly acquiescence, and Christie redistributed the butter on the old conservative principles. The meal over, she carried the tea-tray out of the room; and Mrs. Ainsworth addressed herself to the business of the evening.

"I have felt a little unwell lately, Mr. Deeply, and I wanted to see you respecting my will. You know I did as my husband wished, and made a will leaving to his nephew all he left me. But since then I have managed, being very careful, to put by a few savings, and I have no idea of Mr. Richard having them. He'll be rich enough without, in all conscience; so I want you to draw a codicil, with some legacies to relations of my own."

"Certainly, Mrs. Ainsworth. By the way, may I ask if you have lately heard from Mr. Richard?"

"Not I, indeed! not once since he was married. He wrote to me then, to say he was going to take a wife; and I wrote back

to say that I thought him very foolish; and that was all the writing between us. He knows he'll get nothing from me as long as I'm alive; and so he never writes, and it's much the better he shouldn't."

"Ah, my dear madam, don't be too hard upon him! I hear he is miserably poor; and it's hard, you know, to make an empty sack stand upright. We that are well off—"

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Deeply, if you please."

"Well, ma'am, we that are comparatively well off should make allowances for him."

"I know you persist, like other people, in thinking me rich, Mr. Deeply," resumed the woman, forgetting she had just said how rich her heir would be, if he inherited but a part of her present possessions. "I was left pretty well off by my husband, and I've been careful since then; that's all."

Mr. Deeply knew that the savings, of which his client spoke so modestly, could not be very far short of sixty thousand pounds; but assured that she meditated no such thing as disinheriting her nephew, he was content in minor matters to humour her.

After further conversation it was arranged that he should renew his visit on Monday. Meantime Mrs. Ainsworth would draw up a list of her intended legatees and the several sums she designed to leave them. As soon as Mr. Deeply had driven from the door she called for a candle (not candles), and addressed herself to the distribution of her ready money. She sat writing, and erasing and re-writing, for some time, then pushed the paper from her, as though, even in imagination, the parting with her money was abhorrent to her.

"Let me see! I might leave two thousand to my cousin, Alice Howarth, and one thousand to William Longworth;—but I don't know; should I wish to alter it, if they don't behave well to me, it would be frightfully expensive to make a new will. They all look upon me as a person to be preyed upon. I think—"

Then she rang the bell, which the servant presently answered.

"Christie," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "has Druggery sent me my draught as usual?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Will you take it now?"

"Why, upon my word, Christie, I've been thinking it's a terrible expense to me having those draughts once a week. I thought of trying if I could do without them; but then, you know, if I became *really ill*, I should have such expenses as would nearly ruin me! I think I *will* take

it; but not *now*—by-and-bye. You can bring it when I go to bed. Christie, I've been talking with Mr. Deeply about arranging the disposal of my little property. Now, if you continue to satisfy me, why, besides all you get now, you'll one day find yourself handsomely remembered. Only recollect I can't afford any *waste* in my house!"

And Christie retired from the room. Her mistress resumed her occupation, and continued writing down figures and names for an hour or two more; then she rang the bell; and long before eleven the house was dark and quiet.

About eight o'clock the next morning the people of Darwen were startled from their late Sunday slumbers by the tidings that Mrs. Ainsworth had been found dead in her bed. The poison of which Richard had availed himself was said, by the few who were acquainted with its qualities, to leave no traces in its victims. And the coroner's jury, who sat in Darwen Hall, reported the cause of death as natural, though startling. Mr. Druggerby stated the composition of the draught, which, as Christie deposed, her mistress had taken before retiring. And the physician from Manchester designated the fatal complaint by some long name, which I will spare myself the trouble of writing and you the trouble of reading. The anger of her relatives (who found, from the paper left in her desk, what handsome legacies they had narrowly missed receiving) I may also leave to your imagination.

But Richard acted very generously, and gave large sums to all of them who could be thought to stand in any particular need of money. He meant in all things to be a liberal steward of the wealth which had come to him in even greater abundance than he had expected. He felt, "To gain all this, I have taken a bold departure from the right; only by doing the utmost good with my wealth can I hope to be clear in God's sight or my own."

Their sudden prosperity came on Mr. and Mrs. Richard in time for them to enjoy the latter part of that year's London season.

Quitting the New Kent Road for ever, they took for the month a set of apartments somewhere near the Regent's Park. In August they proposed to give themselves what they had long vainly desired—a Continental tour. In autumn they would return home, to find Darwen Hall refitted and refurnished, and to commence that long course of benevolence and hospitality of which Darwen was henceforth to be the favoured scene.

They sat together one morning in July,

talking of their past privations and future prospects. Christie McTarnie, at her own desire, had been permitted to enter their service. She might butter bread in freedom now. The beggar-maid whom King Cophetua made his Queen can hardly have had a larger accession of comforts than a mere change of service had brought to poor Christie; but, as Mrs. Richard was remarking to her husband, the Scotchwoman looked as if something were on her mind which she wished, but could not resolve, to make known. Especially, if anything was ever said about her dead mistress, Christie betrayed confusion, and seemed to hesitate whether she should speak or be silent.

Richard told his wife that he had no pleasant thoughts connected with Mrs. Ainsworth, and would rather dismiss her from his remembrance.

"You look dreadfully dull, my dear," he presently remarked.

"I was only *thinking*," she replied.

"But I don't like to see you thinking, my love. You can very well afford to do without thinking now; so pray *don't* think!"

No, he was in earnest! he did *not* like her to be *thinking*. He felt as King Henry may have felt (fair Rosamond's King Henry) when he heard that Queen Eleanor had taken a fancy to ramble about Woodstock Forest. Thinking people are often led by their thoughts into strange conclusions. With such a secret hidden in its depths, the less the labyrinth were trodden the safer and the better for him.

"You are not so absurd," he asked, a minute or two after, "as to suspect the poor woman of having caused the old lady's death, sudden as it was?"

"My dearest Richard, how can you suggest anything so frightful? Poor woman! I believe her as incapable of harming anybody, even in thought, as *you* are, dearest. But I was thinking how mercifully—though it seems too much like rejoicing at another's death—we have been rescued from our poverty just when it seemed at its worst. I told you God would not forsake us, would *we* but wait His proper time; and you see you have not trusted Him in vain."

Within two months of Christmas they had taken possession of Darwen. And great indeed was the joy, both of rich and poor, at the new order of things which had begun to reign there. Not that Richard threw himself into extravagance; he had been far too intimate with Dame Poverty not to take heed that his parting with that severe but sometimes serviceable school-mistress should be a leave-taking for ever;

but with estates yielding six thousand a year, and forty or fifty thousand in ready money, he was entitled to indulge a little in the luxury of scattering. So vast were the largesses bestowed upon the poor, that even the vicar of the parish, than whom none had more heartily welcomed the change of dynasty, ventured to hint that a virtue in excess may become a vice.

"But surely, Mr. Creed," said the new squire of Darwen, "you must know how bad a thing it is when the rich withhold their money?"

"Assuredly, Mr. Ainsworth. I have groaned many a time over the state of things which — well, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* — which once prevailed here. And I'm sure you have my heartiest thanks, as the clergyman, for the very different spirit in which *you* are acting. But don't you think — I trust I sha'n't give offence, — don't you think you may be in some danger of mistaking reverse of wrong for right? I fear, and I tell it you, because I feel it were not honest in me to keep it back, that the help you so generously extend is not always well received — that is, not always rightly used."

Richard was not offended. He saw that Mr. Creed's motives were excellent, and he promised that henceforth his charities should be not less profuse, but more discriminate.

But when it was in his mind to proclaim that none but the "deserving" should receive, something from within him asked how he, of all men, dared to think of anybody as unworthy of his doles. "Hypocrite!" said the inner voice, "because you could not endure poverty, and thirsted for wealth, you took the life of a fellow-creature who stood in your way! What were *your* very worst privations compared to those which daily compass about the people whom you call undeserving? What if there were tell-tales who could whisper the facts of *your* life to *them*? Why, the most destitute and disreputable of them all would start away from you, even if you held out a purse of gold to them! *You*, forsooth, to talk of giving only to the 'deserving' poor!"

So Richard Ainsworth found out that even unsuspected crime is likely to be a source of weakness to the secret criminal, and cripples the energies he would exert for good.

When the new reign had lasted for six months, I grieve to say that the moral condition of Darwen was a little *worse* than under the selfish and pitiless rule of the days gone by. And Richard could not obtain what most he coveted, such evidence of good done by him as might be thought to

atone for the fearful guilt that had enriched him.

Persuaded that it is not so easy to be a good steward of wealth, he was glad, when spring came round, to remove for a season to London. Once there, he sought the desired relief to his conscience by throwing himself into the benevolent work so largely provided by our enormous metropolis. He found, if not all the peace he sought, at least some distraction in work from the thought which gnawed him, save when the present shut out the past. And he did not despair, as time passed on, he should succeed in pushing to a further and further distance the troublous thoughts which haunted him.

Christie had now gone the way of all middle-aged domestics — that is, she had married, and devoted part of the very handsome dowry bestowed upon her to the purchase of a public-house in Paddington. She had grown much attached to her new mistress; and as the "Bagpiper" was not far from Hyde Park Gardens, Christie paid frequent visits to Mrs. Ainsworth in her London home.

One moonlight night, a little past midsummer, and at about twelve o'clock, Richard walked home from a dinner in Grosvenor Square, for he had begun to keep great company now. He met the policeman just as he turned into the enclosure, pacing his monotonous way. If that policeman could have known under what circumstances, ere passing that spot a second time, he would be summoned to behold the gentleman now walking away from him! Richard saw by the light in his bedroom that his wife had already retired. As he neared the front door it was opened to let some one pass out. That person was Christie. He thought she looked a little afraid of him. He said some word in answer to her respectful, though hurried greeting. Then he entered the house, and went up stairs to his wife at once. There was a peculiar paleness about her face; but, in answer to his eager inquiries, she declared herself to be quite well, only a little fatigued.

"So you've had Christie again," he remarked. "I met her going away."

"Yes; and do you know, I've found out now why it was that the poor woman always looked so confused whenever we spoke about her old mistress! Poor Christie! if anybody had been wicked enough to accuse her of putting anything into the medicine that night, she could have given them a very complete answer. I now know —"

"Why, what old woman's stories have

you and she been talking? I do wish, Emma, you'd drop that matter, once for all."

"My sweet love, I *shall* drop it; only let me explain myself. Christie has *proved* that the draught never did her mistress the slightest harm, for —"

"Of course! of course! Who ever was fool enough to say it *did*?"

"They could be very soon convinced of their error, at all events, for the last draught the old lady *never* took."

"Never took it! Then how came it —"

"Christie has just told me that on that last night her mistress was alive she spoke something about leaving her a legacy, which put the draught quite out of her head; and it seems her mistress forgot it also. She found the bottle, after she had told the coroner (having no idea of telling a falsehood) that her mistress had taken it as usual. That is what has made the poor thing so uncomfortable. She fancies that, had she remembered it, her mistress might not have died. And you can't wonder that, when no good could come of it, she did not like to tell people. Besides, she was afraid that something might happen to her for giving wrong evidence to the coroner; but she has told *me* (in confidence, of course); and she brought the draught here."

So his crime had been superfluous, after all. And it was *not* as a cloak for ignorance, but with strict veracity, that the physician had declared his aunt to have died of ascertainable disease.

Such innocence as may consist in crime carried no further than intent was now absolutely restored to him!

"And what has she — what have you done with that *accursed* stuff?" he presently inquired, with frantic emphasis.

"My love, how nervous dining out appears to have made you! Why, I felt that a tonic would do *me* good; and, as Christie very sensibly remarked, the old lady would

never have loved paying for this mixture unless it really did *her* good, so I drank it myself, just before you came in."

"Great God! then I have murdered *you*!"

"Oh, Richard! what can you mean? And I feel as if it were chilling me all over. Oh!" And she sank back, fainting — dying — in the chair.

"Oh, forgiveness, Emma! It was more for *your* sake than my own. I could not bear to be kept out of my rights. And this poison was for that *devil* — yes, *devil*! for she has destroyed me, body and soul. And all would have been well had I but waited a single day longer! Oh, say you believe that I would have died again and again sooner than harm you, Emma."

He knelt beseechingly before her; but whatever was in her thoughts, her lips were restrained from uttering the words. His next entreaty was poured into the ears of the dead.

The policeman, repassing the house not many minutes later, saw him dash himself out of the topmost window. He was taken up not yet entirely dead.

He gasped out, "I have murdered my wife; she lies up stairs!" and in a few moments he had ceased to live.

They found the unhappy lady even as he had said. As no traces of violence could be detected, and as the poison defied all chemical analysis, it was believed that her death, however unaccountable, was not otherwise than natural, and that his distraction at the sudden shock of losing her had driven him to his terrible self-destruction.

So they were buried in the cemetery side by side. Their three children all died young, and the property went away to be divided among their distant kindred.

This is the end of my story.

Q. M. R.

**MOUSTACHE SPOON.**—Under a very elaborate engraving of a newly invented patent of this article, the *Scientific Journal* gives us the following description:—"A moustache is an ornament to the human face divine, under ordinary circumstances, but when it is drenched in a cup of smoking coffee, or emerges dripping from the cream, as Venus rose from the sea, the wearer of it is placed in an embarrassing position. Moustache coffee-cups have been sold in stores for many years. These cups have a portion of the top covered with a bridge in which there is an opening whence the beverage finds its way down the throat of the drinker without soiling his hir-

sute appendage. This mysterious-looking spoon effects the same object. When soup is taken, unless the eater thereof is dexterous, and "understands his business," he is apt to present an uninviting spectacle, and becomes a very undesirable addition to a small, but select, dinner party. Hence this spoon. The bridge over the centre prevents the disagreeable results alluded to, and supports the moustache in its passage over the savory flood. The bridge may be made permanent or removable, and can be attached in a few minutes, and by any common mechanical device."



## IN MEMORIAM

A. L.

STRONG in the strength of common sense;  
Fettered by nought but right's own rules;  
With wisdom blessed above the schools,  
And void of sham and false pretense;

Finding in every human face  
Some image of the source of all,  
Hearing in every bondman's call  
The supplianee of a common race;—

Thus armed, in blackest hour of hate,  
Obedient to a people's voice,  
And sacred by a people's choice,  
He came to guard and save the State.

He waited, suffering long the rage  
That strove the nation's heart to pierce,  
And watched, till treason's madness fierce  
At Sumter cast the rebel gauge.

Then to his summons forth there came  
Brave Northern men with hurrying tread,  
Fired with a vengeance grand and dread,  
To vindicate the nation's fame.

They left the busy marts of trade,  
They left the anvil and the plough,  
And their sweet lives, with solemn vow,  
On their dear country's altar laid.

Then through long years of deadliest strife,  
Our banner trodden in the dust—  
Lincoln, with simple, childlike trust,  
Stood firm to save the nation's life.

He never yielded hope nor heart,  
Pierced with the shaft of bitter hate,  
He chose with kindest soul to wait,  
And hide the venom of the dart.

He could not sink to motives base,  
Nor seek a good by doubtful ends;  
But weighed the counsel of his friends,  
And looked above for light and grace.

Then Truth revealed her godlike form,  
And Slavery fell, no more to rise,  
Crushed by the fiat of the skies,  
Dying amid the battle storm.

Man, bound in gyves of grief and pain  
For crime of color or of birth,  
Rose from the common mother earth,  
Freed from the dark, inhuman stain.

Out from the unnumbered voices poured  
The anthem sweet of freedom's song,  
Of right triumphant over wrong,  
From man redeemed to God adored.

Then one by one the strongholds fell  
Where Reason long had held her seat,  
While he, so calm amid defeat,  
In triumph, checked the exultant swell,

Thus Victory came to be our friend,  
And hope inspired the longing view  
With vision of a heavenly hue—  
The omen of a peaceful end.

Then sped that midnight message dread,  
Borne madly on the electric wire,  
Burning its way on wings of fire,  
That he who loved us all was dead.

On that black day that saw thee slain,  
O Christ! that sinful man might live,  
That noble soul which thou didst give  
Passed from a murdered body's pain.

On that white day, when to the sun  
Again from Sumter's ruins rose  
Our country's flag, by fiercest foes  
This deed of damning guilt was done.

Crowned with a never-ending fame,  
Encircled by a nation's love,  
A martyr here, a saint above,  
Be every honor done his name.

O God! a nation prostrate lies,  
And supplicates thy favoring care:  
Make answer to its wrestling prayer,  
And bid it in thy strength arise.

Then shall these brooding clouds of night,  
That cast their shadow o'er our way,  
Dissolve before the brightening day,  
And leave us in thy blessed light.

TROY, April 19, 1865.

B. H. H.

*Troy News.*

## THE SOUTH DOWNS.

Downs—where the sunbeams fleeting skim,  
Chased by the envious shadows,  
O'er ridge and chalky slope and bluff,  
And brown grass in the meadows.

Downs—where the plovers, gleaming white,  
Scream o'er the passing horseman,  
And whirl and toss as once they did  
Above the marching Norseman.

Downs—where the shrinking violets grow  
Beneath the thorny bushes,  
While wrangling lovers sing to them—  
The black-birds and the thrushes.

Downs—where on many a grassy slope  
Rises a Danish barrow;  
Beneath them lie fierce men who fell,  
Pierced by the Saxon arrow.

Downs—where, from level line of cliff,  
You see the white sails gleaming  
Far out upon the sapphire deep,  
Where England's flag is streaming.

*Chambers' Journal.*

From the Athenæum.

*Travels and Researches in Crete.* By Capt. T. A. B. Spratt, R. N. 2 vols. (Van Voorst.)

IN May, 1851, the author took command of the *Spitfire*, a paddle-steamer, and proceeded to Crete to complete the survey which had been commenced under the direction of the late Capt. Graves. He employed several years in traversing the island in every direction, and we have here the fruit of his labors, together with a dissertation on the Cretan language by Lord Strangford.

The east coast of Crete is noted for its fine sponges, and there are few trades that require more courage and careful training than that of the sponge-gatherer. Thirty fathoms deep lies the object of his search, and only by the assistance of a great weight can he descend so far. When down, the water presses on him at the rate of 75 lbs. to the square inch, and with that great weight upon him he must keep his respiration suspended or die. The whole mode of operation is so curious that the notice of it deserves to be extracted:—

"The mode of operation preparatory to a dive is very peculiar and interesting: the sketch in some degree represents this also. The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel, at either the bow or stern, and, placing by his side a large flat slab of marble weighing about 25 lbs., to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch), he then strips and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterwards, thus oxydizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes or more, according to the depth; and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to; he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him or to distract him in any way during the process. It seems to a spectator as if the diver were going through a sort of mysterious ceremony or incantation. When, from some sensation known only to himself after these repeated long-drawn and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and, after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it like a returning dolphin into the sea and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arm's length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or

less vertical, as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom, he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under its ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted-bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while, as his safeguard for returning and for making the known signal at the time he desires it. Now let us notice the proceedings of his companions in the boat floating some twenty or thirty fathoms above him. The two men who were nearest to him previously to his making the dive, but who systematically seem to place themselves so as to prevent him from conceiving the idea of being impatiently watched by them whilst undergoing the preparation, spring to their feet as soon as he disappears, and rush to the rope, which one of them then holds in his hand, veering it out or shortening it in as the diver moves about upon the bottom; and as soon as the signal indicative of his wish to return is felt, they commence hauling up the rope with great energy and earnestness, and in a way calculated to insure the greatest expedition of ascent, since the overstay of a few seconds may be a point of life or death to the diver. The hauling up is thus effected:—The assistant who has hold of the rope, awaiting the signal, first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and, there grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same, and so on the two alternately, and, by a fathom or more at a time and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface. A heavy blow from his nostrils, to expel the water and exhausted air, indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes. A word or two is then spoken by one of his companions to encourage him, if he seems much distressed, as is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest state of exhaustion. A few seconds' rest at the surface, and then the diver returns into the boat to recover, generally putting on an under garment or jacket to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of the water from his body. Such is the trying life of a Levantine sponge diver; and doubtless there are very few of us who have any idea of what a fellow-creature has suffered in procuring that little article which has become a necessity of our toilet-table and the luxury of our morning ablutions."

In spite of the danger and difficulty of the trade, sponge-gathering employs, in Eastern Crete, from fifty to a hundred boats, with seven or eight divers in each. These men gain but a scanty living, while the local dealers, who incur no risk and

suffer no hardship, make a rich profit. This they do partly by acting as money-lenders to the divers, and partly by sanding the sponges to such an extent that a hundred-weight of them, as received from the divers, will be so sanded as to weigh more than a ton before packing. It is, indeed, pleasant to know that we have not only to suffer the inconvenience of the grit in the new sponges we use, but have also to pay ten times as much for the sand as the sponge itself. In recounting the dangers attending the sponge-diver's trade, that from sharks must not be omitted. Some people are disposed to be sceptical as to the very existence of sharks in the Mediterranean; on this subject we must quote the following:—

"The shark is an enemy that appears sometimes amongst them, and when seen produces much alarm, suspending their operations at the time; for it is a fact that some sharks in the Mediterranean reach a considerable size, and attack men in the sea. An instance is on record of one having been caught at Alexandria that contained the half of a man, and of another that a few years since attacked and took down one of our own soldiers at Corfu; and when I was employed upon the coast of Africa about two years since, the largest shark ever observed by any one on board was seen by all hands. The ship was at anchor off Cape Tanoub, about 100 miles west of Alexandria, in 12 fathoms' water, and upon a clean sandy bottom, when the word was suddenly passed that a shark was in sight. We had only recently passed through a fleet of sponge-boats at work a few miles from the spot, and upon the very bank he was now steering for; but, attracted by the ship, he quietly sailed round and round, reconnoitring us, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, until at length he was induced to approach pretty close, within 30 or 40 yards of the ship's quarter, and to poise himself there at two or three fathoms below the surface; and then, as he lay perfectly still, and our gig was also towing astern, we had the means of making a comparison of his length, and concluded that it was not much, if at all, under 18 feet; some even thought it exceeded 20 feet. His presence naturally excited great interest amongst us, especially as he was attended, as usual, by seven or eight little pilot-fish, which went actively and fearlessly round and round the great monster's head, and seemed to regard him quite as their protector and friend. I never witnessed anything that appeared more truly to indicate a perfect understanding between the shark and his little companions than on this occasion. As some of the crew had seen him pass under the ship a little time previously upon some fowls' heads and offal being thrown overboard, and after

the pilot-fish had previously been to it, he was supposed to have gone and eaten the refuse, as he certainly went to the spot. Now, therefore, there appeared a tempting chance of catching him with a bait. The shark-hook was consequently duly baited with a large piece of fat pork, and thrown from the quarter a few yards in front of his nose; the huge monster nevertheless remained all the while motionless, except his broad and thick fins, that alone appeared to move occasionally so as to steady his position. His little active and zebra striped companions, however, seemed at first rather scared by the splash of the bait; but before it had sunk to the depth of a few feet, one or two advanced cautiously towards it, and then the whole seven or eight followed, and after carefully going round and round the bait as it slowly descended, and also reconnoitring and running up and down the rope attached, they darted off to the head of the shark, and then seemed to pass close over and under his nose, in the very precincts of his terrific jaws. We watched the motions of all with great interest, hoping to see him the next moment dart at the alluring bait; but the huge leviathan slowly turned his head and sailed away. It was, to all of us, exactly as if he had been informed by his little companions that there was danger in the tempting food; and so Mr. Shark and his little friends sailed away together, and were not again seen."

Capt. Spratt estimates the population of Crete at 210,000, of whom one-third are Mohammedans, and one-half per cent. lepers. Leprosy, indeed, appears to be at least as common in Crete as in any part of Turkey, Persia, India, or China. This is by some attributed to the quantities of oil eaten by the inhabitants, and their poor and scanty food. In very truth, provisions are scarce in Crete, and unhappily the Cretans seem to have lost the compensating quality spoken of by the poet Epimenides. They are no longer slow-bellies, for in many places they had eaten up all that could be called food before our author arrived. This misery seems, in some places, to have broken down the barriers between Turk and Greek.

In an island with such mountain ranges as the Ida and the Madara Vouna, which rise above 8,000 feet, there is, of course, great variety of climate. The coast-line is feverish and unhealthy, but amongst the hills there are localities where even a headache seems to be unknown. It is something that there are no beasts of prey nor venomous reptiles in Crete, that water is abundant, and wood not deficient. The Cretans themselves, Capt. Spratt tells us, are physically a fine race.

From the Spectator.  
THE EXHAUSTIBILITY OF THE WORLD.

ALMOST all European writers, whatever their subject, politics, or society, or science, now tacitly assume that the human race is to progress for ever, or, to state their latent idea more strictly, is to advance steadily for an indefinite period towards a nobler life and a higher civilization. The idea of a fixed term to history which so greatly influenced the Middle Ages has utterly disappeared; the semi-religious belief in a cataclysm to occur at a distant but visible date, though still entertained, has ceased to be professed by anybody but Dr. Cumming, and does not influence him; and the school of philosophical alarmists, who, like Malthus, held that the mites would one day become too numerous for the cheese, or like Liebig, that civilization will at last produce sterility, has been superseded. The reverie of the politician is no longer of the coming overturn of all things,—an idea never absent from the great minds of the first four centuries,—but of a coming millennium when all mankind shall be allied, and the motive force of the European, and the subtle brain of the Arab, and the deft hand of the Mongol shall all be employed together in making earth more lovely and more convenient for its people. When the poet of to-day dreams, it is not of the Judgment, but of the time when “the kindly earth shall slumber lapped in universal law,” and his deepest faith is that “through the ages one eternal purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.” The growing belief in the theory that the antiquity of the human race has been misjudged, that man has developed by constant though fitful starts from the wild savage who shot fish with flint-headed arrows to the Parisian—a belief which seems to us to have a stronger hold than the known facts will justify—deepens that faith in a brilliant earthly future which already affects all thought. Such faiths are perhaps very impractical, but they have an enormous influence upon effort, upon mental happiness, and even upon politics. They developed among men that habit of postponing the present to the future, that eager straining towards the distant, which is to-day the special temptation of the cultivated. The imagination will find a paradise somewhere, and when men seek it in the past they become at heart Conservative; when in the future, Liberals.

It is perhaps very useless to argue as to the scientific reasonableness of this abounding faith in the future, but speculations are

not always interesting in proportion to their usefulness, and we may with Mr. Jevon's book on Coal before us just point out that the modern belief rests on two assumptions, neither of which is proved and one of which is *primâ facie* very improbable indeed. To admit of unlimited progress some one race must be beyond the risk of retrogression, must have in it some antiseptic quality exempting it from the mental decay or arrest of development which has fallen on every race known to man, save indeed one. A succession of races will hardly do, for each loses half its vigour in the effort to rise to a level to its decadent rival, “the barbarian,” for example, having wasted fourteen hundred years and inestimable vigour in the effort to rise to the point which the Greek when he stopped growing had attained. In some branches of art, as architecture, has not reached it yet, and in the science of living happily he has only widened the foundations, has not yet built up his superstructure quite so high. The assumption that there is such an enduring race is a very large one. The branch of the Aryan race which we call, after its two great twigs, Anglo-Saxon or German, may have in it an exhaustless vitality, a power of indefinite advance, but nothing proves that it is stronger than the Roman plebs which rotted slowly away, or more progressive than the Arab who emerged from his desert to build the Alhambra, and quitted the Alhambra to sink into the Algerine. So clear on this point is the lesson of history, that but for the single exception the idea of longevity in a race might be pronounced unwarrantable. The Jew, however, really has endured throughout history without diminution of vitality or mental power, though the race, under the influence of some still hidden law, has ceased to multiply. Had it, with its unique power of flourishing in all climates, of keeping rosy in Bengal, and only becoming fallow in London, multiplied like the Anglo-Saxon, there would now on earth be five hundred millions of Jews. Still Spinoza is not intellectually the inferior of the son of Sirach, or Heine of Asaph, and the race has acquired in addition to its qualities the new one of adaptability. The Aryan stock *may* have a similar vitality, but the assumption is only justified by a single example, and is opposed to every other. But grant that it endures, will its resources endure also? Is the property of the world exhaustless? Is it a certainty that the supply of light, air, water, heat, and the constituents, whatever they are, of fruitfulness, will always remain the same? As to light, that may be assumed,—though granting in-



definite time, astronomers have something to say on that point,—and in air, we know of no change fatal to man. Water is much more doubtful, the supply has failed in some regions, notably Numidia and the Babylonian plain, and as the first cause of failure, the denudation of the mountains, is going on at an accelerated rate, the deficiency may extend to regions we do not dream of. It certainly is extending in Lombardy, in the Pyrenean departments of France, and in parts of India—notably Agra and Ghazeepore—and Dr. Symons says it has commenced in England, the rainfall having declined some inches in the last few years. Why is it certain that the process must stop short of a point at which food could not be grown when it has not stopped in Numidia? Water is essential to fruitfulness, and even apart from it is it quite certain that there is no such thing as an exhaustion of the soil beyond the reach of science? What will be the reduction of English produce when the supply of guano and coprolites and lime comes to an end, and guano and coprolites and lime are all fixed quantities? Man can produce no more when the supply is done. Science may discover a substitute, probably will discover one, but the assumption that it *must* is an assumption merely. So with heat. Man knows as yet of only three readily available means of producing heat—the burning of dried dung, of wood, and of coal. The first, though universally employed in India, is insufficient, and detracts too much from the sources of fertility, and the second is disappearing with such rapidity that foresters can predict to a century the extinction of the existing supply. The pace at which the forests are being cleared away is one of the most dangerous incidents of modern progress, and except in south America or Central Africa there is nowhere great natural renewal. Artificial renewal is of course possible,—the biggest experiment ever made in that direction being in the Punjab, and believed to promise success, but the highest efforts of man are baby-play by the side of the glorious prodigality of nature. What can man do to compare with what nature has done in the valley of the Amazon, which three centuries hence will be as bare as the valley of the Indus, in which, though it was once all forest, the trees can be counted for hundreds of miles upon the fingers. Denudation of course may cease, but that it will certainly cease is an assumption not warranted by analogies. There remains coal, and if there is one fact certain in science, it is that the supply of coal is a fixed quantity which must end some time.

It may last thousands of years, but it cannot last for ever, and when it is done man must either discover some new source of heat, of which he has as yet only dreams, or surrender a civilization based in every part upon his possession of a means of producing intense heat at will. He *may* be able to smelt iron by electricity, or by concentrating the sun's rays, but he is not able now, and to assume that he will be able is a mere guess. It would be just as reasonable to guess the exact contrary.

Dreams, say our readers, dreams as bad as Dr. Cumming's. Not a doubt of it, for we have intentionally omitted the primary element, that Providence whose designs cannot be interrupted either by the failure of the dirt of sea-gulls or the reckless use of the axe, but then nobody has proved or can prove that the temporary fallowing of the whole earth may not be within those designs. Some countries have been abandoned and renewed, witness the wonderful structures lying desolate amid the jungles of Cambodia, and the artistic temples lying in heaps of ruin amid the forests of Yucatan, and why not all? That is mere speculation; but it is not speculation to say that there will be immense transfers of civilization, that England, for example, will in all human probability lose much of her pre-eminence in manufactures, that unless science can make a great leap forward the exhaustion of heat-giving material will occur here. Wood, as a fuel competent to sustain manufactures, has disappeared from among us, and coal is rapidly going too. Mr. Jevons, Lecturer to the Owens College in Manchester, who has devoted years to the inquiry, reports his conclusions, conclusions supported by figures, which, wild as they will appear to those who have never reflected on the subject, seem to us almost unanswerable. To prove them we must republish his book, but the steps which he considers proved can be easily summarized. He holds as a demonstrable fact that coal cannot be raised by any known appliances or probable improvement of appliances from a depth of more than 4,000 feet below the level of the sea, or 1,500 feet below the deepest existing mine; and that the quantity of coal now existing above that depth is eighty-three thousand millions of tons. The existing consumption is at the rate of eighty-three millions of tons a year, and, if it did not increase, the supply would last with an increasing cost nearly a thousand years. But unfortunately it does increase with the development of population and manufactures at a startling rate, namely 34

per cent every year for the last eighty years. Supposing that rate to continue, and the tendency is to one very much quicker, the consumption would in 1961 be at the rate of 2,607 millions of tons a year, and by that time the whole existing deposit of coal will have been consumed. That rise in consumption is, however, impossible, as with exhaustion would come the all-powerful check of rising price, "but this only means that the check to our progress must become perceptible considerably within a century from the present time, that the cost of fuel must rise, perhaps within a lifetime, to a rate threatening our commercial and manufacturing supremacy, and the conclusion is inevitable that our present happy progressive condition is a thing of limited duration." In short, the indefinite duration of English progressive development which is based upon a boundless supply of coal close to the iron fields and seats of manufacture must in about a century stop. "Suppose our progress to be checked within half a century, yet by that time our consumption will probably be four times what it now is; there is nothing impossible or improbable in this; it is a very

moderate supposition, considering that our consumption has increased eight-fold in the last sixty years. But how shortened and darkened will the prospects of the country appear with mines already deep, fuel dear, and yet a high rate of consumption to keep up if we are not to retrograde." There need not be positive retrogression for years after that, but the power of limitless progress will pass away from Great Britain and be transferred to the localities where coal is still on the spot in its old abundance, *i. e.*, to the North American fields. That, supposing coal to continue the one artificial heat-giver, is as certain as any result in multiplication. Science may of course long before that have arrested the consumption, *may*, for instance, have discovered a light infinitely superior to lighted coal smoke — we seem on the brink of that, a motor cheaper and more powerful than steam, and a smelting contrivance simpler and hotter than coal fire, but that is as yet an assumption, and even if a correct one the new discovery must be one the use of which will not be limited by locality, and the special advantage of England among the nations of the world must pass away.

#### MR. ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY.

SOME news from Mr. Allibone, whose admirable but unfinished "Dictionary of British and American Authors" we alluded to in a late number, has been received. Speaking of the causes of delay in the issue of Vol. II., containing the letters from K to Z, he enumerates: — "1. The fact that there are many more authors of note, and without note, in the letters from K to Z, than in the letters from A to J. 2. The vast number of new authors and new editions of old books within the last few years. 3. My desire to be so full that no one can justly charge me with important omissions. 4. The fact that I am writing all my articles (in some of the earlier letters I had some contributions from others) with my own hand, without conference or co-operation of any kind. A very different matter this from merely editing a dictionary composed by a number of authors, each skilled in his own department. The letter S alone (there were about 700 Smiths) occupied me about twenty-two months, working as a rule from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. and later, with intervals for meals, &c.

As I have now been six months in the letter W, I trust that the completion of this the twelfth year of my absorbing and anxious toil will see me through the alphabet. Of course, the insertion of new books, the completion of the forty indexes, and the superintendence of the press, will require time." Mr. Allibone, we believe, is a retired Philadelphia merchant, who, in the evening of his days, and after an active commercial career, settles down to this Herculean task. In the constant references which he has to make to various authorities, Mr. Allibone sometimes alights upon a book without any index. The additional labour caused by such omission has been a source of real trouble to this industrious bibliographer, and we believe he has made strenuous efforts to prevail upon the legislature of his own country to take the matter in hand, and compel authors to index their works, as well as enter them for copyright protection. To the republic of letters we are quite sure the former requirement would be of more value than the latter.

*London Review.*

**ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.** — The officer who has most distinguished himself in the navy of the United States since the present rebellion commenced is, without exception, Admiral David G. Farragut, a Southerner by birth, being a citizen of Tennessee.

In looking over the American Navy List of 1860, I notice the Admiral entered the service on the 17th of December, 1810, now fifty four years ago; and, consequently, that his age must be threescore years and ten, allowing that he was sixteen when first entered as a midshipman. A recent writer has thus given the derivation of his name: —

“Farra is a provincial form of the German verb *fahren*; *fara*, or *farra*, meaning ‘to move upon the water,’ or ‘to sail.’ *Gut*, of course, is pure German, and means ‘good’: so Farragut is equivalent to one who moves well upon the water, or a good sailor.”

Admiral Farragut has distinguished himself by three remarkable deeds of daring: the running by the forts at Vicksburg, thus opening the Mississippi; by passing the fortresses at New Orleans, thus capturing the city; and, still more recently, by entering the harbor of Mobile, and subduing its outward defences, which were of great strength and manned with competent garrisons. The Admiral always goes into the hottest action in his favorite wooden-built sloop, the “Hartford,” saying that he has no good opinion of those “modern contrivances,” as he calls the iron-clads; and will never “fight in an iron teakettle.” What he wants “are iron hearts in wooden ships.” The gallant Admiral will long be remembered for causing himself to be lashed in the maintop of the “Hartford,” just before going into the battle of Mobile, and keeping the pilot-in-chief of his fleet not far from him. We have heard of flags being nailed to a mast, as a sign that the ship would not be surrendered, but never before of an Admiral being tied in this position; which he never left until the last gun was fired, and he had won a glorious victory.

I may incidentally mention, that, had Admiral Farragut been in the English navy, his name would have appeared on the retired list some years ago; and well may it be asked, if such compulsory retirements are just to old officers who enjoy their bodily health, and are still ready and willing to serve? It appears to me that, in a great naval engagement, it is for the old Admiral to give the orders, and for the younger officers to have them obeyed. Admiral Farragut has clearly shown that, in a naval fight of great importance, personal activity is not required; but coolness, courage, experience, and, withal, a dogged determination to win: and these good qualities, I believe, are to be met with in your old Admirals, if you will but give them the opportunity that they may be displayed. In all fairness, then, let them have the chance. W. W. Malta. — *Notes and Queries.*

**A VISIT TO THE BURNING MOUNTAIN OF AUSTRALIA.** — Arrived at the Burning Mountain Inn, we endeavoured to get a guide, but one not being forthcoming, we had to find our way to the mountain the best way we could. The country is wild and rugged in the extreme, and nothing is easier than for an inexperienced bushman to get lost amongst the hills. Travelling on horseback up and down the steep sides of the mountains is not over comfortable either. We should, therefore, recommend any not well acquainted with the country, who may be visiting the spot, to secure, if possible, the services of a guide, as there is a track to the mountains (which we came across on our return) which, if followed, makes the journey to the base an easy matter. However, after wandering among the hills for a considerable time, we were at last directed to the spot, when about a mile from it, by a strong sulphurous smell borne on the wind. Turning our horses' heads in that direction we soon came upon the mountain. It was smoking and steaming in all directions, but, at the time of our visit, there was no fire visible. Sometimes, particularly on a dark night, the flames can be seen blazing up with a lurid glare. The subterranean fire has apparently left its former site, and is gradually working under an opposite hill. Through the great fissures in the ground can be heard the fire roaring beneath like an immense furnace, and to such tremendous depth has it penetrated in some places, that if a large stone is thrown down it cannot be heard to touch the bottom, but the sound gradually dies away in the depths below. In others, a stone thrown down immediately explodes with a noise like a muffled gun. The ground everywhere is very warm, and is covered with white ashes (said to be good for the sore backs of horses), and all the stones lying about are so hot that it is impossible to handle them. Everything is covered with thick coating of sulphur, and the strong sulphurous atmosphere becomes so oppressive that it is impossible to remain long on the spot. The mountain is known to have been burning for the last fifty years, and there is more than one theory as to its origin. It is, however, evidently not volcanic; at least, according to the usual meaning attached to the word volcano. Without professing to be geologists, we have no doubt it is an immense coal seam on fire. Carboniferous deposits are of very frequent occurrence in the neighbourhood, and the mountain range parallel with the burning mountain appears to be in a direct line with some of the coal seams in the locality of Newcastle. Having thoroughly explored the mountain and its environs, and collected a few specimens, we made our way back to the inn, amply repaid for the trouble we had taken, and should recommend all visitors to the district of Murrurundi, who delight to pry into the curiosities of nature, to pay a visit to the Burning Mountain. — *Sydney Herald.*

## GEN. MANSFIELD.

BY E. SHERMAN SMITH.

[It is said that this noble commander, after he was wounded in his last action, insisted upon the surgeon telling him the exact nature of the wound; and as soon as he learned that it would, in all probability, prove fatal, he said:—"Then do not waste a moment here, doctor, but go at once to those who may be benefited by your skill."]

ABOVE the battle's wildest din  
One clarion voice was heard  
Sending along the serried line  
Full many a hopeful word;  
Bright, too, through clouds of dust and  
smoke  
One glance serenely shone;  
By its calm light, in that dread fight,  
Most noble deeds were done.

The weariest soldier faltered not,  
The weakest felt no fear  
Whilst, 'mid their grim and ghastly work,  
Rung out those sounds of cheer;  
And, long as they could catch one flash  
From that illumined eye,  
" 'Tis sweet," said they, "in camp or fray,  
For such a chief to die."

He was not young—our honored chief—  
His locks were white as snow;  
They floated like fair banners out  
As he rode to and fro;  
Now here, now there, that silver hair  
Gleamed like a beacon light,  
As, 'mid the storm of deadly harm,  
His mandates ruled the fight.

Too soon that guiding light grew dim—  
A fatal missile sped  
By recreant rebels, reached, alas!  
That silver-haloed head;  
Wounded, and falling prone to earth,  
Behold our leader now!  
The shadow of a mighty pang  
Darkening his noble brow.

His soldiers haste, with loving care,  
To lift the bleeding form,  
And bear it tenderly aside  
From out the battle's storm.  
With ready hand the surgeon fain  
Would proffer aid—but, "Hold,  
How is it with me?" asked the chief,  
"And let the worse be told."

Soon as the solemn truth he heard,  
In accents firm, though low,  
He murmured—"Leave me—I com-  
mand—  
And to my soldiers go.  
Waste not one precious moment here,  
If useless is your skill;  
Haste to those sufferers whom your hand  
May soothe and succour still."

The tide of battle surged along,  
And as it rolled away,  
Like a lone wreck, by tempests shorn,  
Our dying chieftain lay.

A ruler and a conqueror yet  
O'er pangs that few may know,  
Alone he lay, and, smiling, met  
His last—his mightiest foe.

Yet not alone—for angel forms  
Were, doubtless, hovering nigh,  
To list the hero's last, low prayer,  
And catch his latest sigh.  
For heavenly spirits still delight  
To waft a soul like this  
From the dark battle-fields of life  
To realms of peace and bliss.

Oh, noble heart! oh, patriot chief  
Too early passed away!  
Your country holds in sacred trust  
Your honored name to-day.  
Methinks that, e'en in yon bright heaven,  
It must be sweet to know  
How tenderly, how reverently  
We mourn you here below.

*Home Journal.*

## REQUIEM.

June 1st, 1865.

[Manoah.]

## I.

THE Father of a people sleeps,  
His patient toil is done,  
For us accustomed watch he keeps  
No more beneath the sun.

## II.

He dealt in mercy with his foes,  
He made the bondsman free:  
Lord, as he did it unto those,  
He did it unto Thee.

## III.

He braved the long tempestuous night,  
He watched the reddening sky;  
He tasted victory with the light,  
Then bowed his head to die.

## IV.

With booming gun and tolling bell,  
We've borne him to his grave,  
Through the broad land he loved so well,  
The land he wrought to save.

## V.

Ye prairie winds, breathe low his dirge!  
Frown, all ye mountains gray!  
With mournful cadence, mighty surge,  
Beat the long coasts to-day.

## VI.

Our tongues are stilled; we only know  
The Judge of all does right.  
With tears, the precious seed we sow;  
Lord, make our harvest white.

*Christian Witness.*